

Newport Mercury

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ALL ARTILLERY TYPHOID PATIENTS BUT ONE ARE OUT OF HOSPITAL.



THE NEWPORT ARTILLERY AT DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

The above picture was taken while the Company was in Detroit, on the trip to Put-in-Bay, Ohio. The picture shows Col. Frank P. King at the head of the company. Surgeon C. F. Barker can be seen over his right shoulder; on Dr. Barker's right is Lt. Col. Arthur A. Sherman and next is Capt. William E. Braley, Adjutant. On Col. King's left is Lt. H. H. Hayden, Paymaster.

On the extreme right of the line is the band, Chief Musician Daniel A. Peckham. Next comes the First Company, Major Robert C. Ebbs. The Second Company, Captain William Knowe, is directly in the rear of the Colonel and Staff, and on the extreme left is the third company, First Lieut. James W. Thompson. Private Harry E. Turner, who died from typhoid, may be seen over the shoulder of the second man on the right of the newsboy.

The Mercury.

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A. H. SANBORN, }

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1861, and is now in its hundred and fifty-sixth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting, reliable, editorial, state, local and general news, well selected, unaltered and valuable to farmers and householders. It is a paper of wide circulation in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

Local Matters.

The Mercury Almanac.

THE MERCURY ALMANAC for 1914 will be ready for distribution to subscribers on Thursday next, New Year's day. The carriers will deliver the ALMANAC as their New Year's greeting, and all rewards that they receive belong to them alone. Others than subscribers to the MERCURY can obtain the ALMANAC at this office, at the usual price. The MERCURY ALMANAC this year will be the finest ever issued, being not only attractive in appearance but useful as well. The cover is printed in deep photo brown ink on a delicate green background. A heavier stock is used this year for the inside of the book, the highest priced coated paper on the market being chosen to bring out the full detail of the illustrations. The cuts were made especially for the ALMANAC by the finest engravers in the United States, the Suffolk Engraving Company of Boston. We could have procured cuts for exactly one-third the price paid to the Boston house, but the quality was well worth the difference. The ALMANAC is printed in its entirety on the presses of the MERCURY Publishing Company and shows what quality of work can be turned out at this office.

Teachers' Salaries Paid.

The teachers of the city had made up their minds that they would not be paid in full before Christmas, on account of the shortage of the State payment which was due to the city in time to make full payment. Owing to the lack of money the board of aldermen had been compelled to approve their payrolls for only one half. The teachers were facing an unpleasant situation at the Christmas season when Mr. Jeremiah K. Sullivan came forward and advanced the money necessary to pay their salaries in full. When the city makes an appropriation to cover the amount due the teachers he will be repaid in full, but he saved the teachers the hardship of waiting some weeks for their money.

Next Monday will be the anniversary of the great fire that originated in the Weaver building and destroyed several other buildings and took a toll of three lives. Some of the ruins are as yet practically untouched. The gaunt walls of the Bryer building still stand on Broadway, and the lots across Spring street still present an uninviting appearance.

Mr. Augustus S. Benson has returned from a long business trip through the South to spend Christmas with his family.

Artillery Patients at Home.

With the single exception of Dr. C. F. Barker, all of the typhoid patients from the Newport Artillery Company have now left the Newport Hospital and returned to their homes. Some of them reached home just a few days before Christmas, while others had been out of the Hospital for a longer time. For the men and their families it was a happy Christmas, for at one time it looked as if there might be many mourning families when the holidays should come around. However, skilled medical treatment, careful nursing, and prompt diagnosing of the disease accomplished a great deal and the old Artillery Company was able to pull through the stubborn fight with the loss of but a single man. Private Harry E. Turner, who died on October 5th, two days after being admitted to the Hospital, at a time when new cases of the disease were being discovered and when there seemed to be no limit to the ravages that the epidemic would leave.

The Newport Artillery left Newport by special train early Monday morning, September 8th, on the way to Put-in-Bay, Ohio, to participate, with other military and civil representatives of the State, in the celebration of the Centennial Anniversary of Perry's Victory on Lake Erie. While the party was on the Lake, the steamer Rochester was the headquarters, being used as a floating hotel as well as for transporting the party from port to port. The trip was a most delightful one, and the Newport contingent arrived home at an early hour in the morning of Monday, September 15, tired but happy.

Within a day or two after their return home, physicians were called to attend a number of members who appeared to be badly run down. The health authorities were suspicious from the first, and on September 30th, Colonel Frank P. King was sent to the Hospital critically ill with typhoid fever. The next day, Sergeant Major William J. Dawley and Corporal John W. Thompson were taken to the Hospital, both in a critical condition, and for the next ten days new cases were discovered with alarming frequency among the members of the command. The death of Private Turner brought further depression to the members of the Company. The Company paraded with diminished ranks to attend his funeral, and when the line neared the Newport Hospital, the drums were hushed that the suffering comrades in that institution might not know of the death of a member of the command.

In other parts of the State, too, the disease broke out among the men and the organizations that had been on the steamer Rochester, and several deaths occurred. The health authorities of the State took notice and brought the matter to the attention of the Federal health authorities with the result that Surgeon Hugh DeValin was detailed to make a thorough investigation and to report to Washington. His full report was made last week, and places the blame upon contaminated water used on the steamer, and also upon a cook who worked on the boat while suffering from typhoid.

The work of the Newport medical authorities has been commended in the highest degree. Thanks to their prompt and efficient action there was not a single secondary case of typhoid contracted from the original sufferers, and the alarming epidemic was handled in an exceedingly capable manner. After long weeks in the Hospital the men finally began to improve and one by one were discharged as cured, being warmly greeted by their comrades and friends when they again appeared upon the streets. There is now but one member

of the Company still in the Hospital, Surgeon C. F. Barker, and it is hoped that he will be able to return home within a short time.

The members of the Company who have been at the Hospital with the dates of their admission, are as follows: Colonel Frank P. King, Sept. 30, severe.

Captain William E. Braley, Oct. 3, severe.

Major Christopher F. Barker, Surgeon, Oct. 9, severe.

Sergeant Major William J. Dawley, Oct. 1, severe.

Ordinance Sergeant Thomas H. Lawton, Oct. 12, average.

Chief Musician Daniel A. Peckham, Oct. 10, average.

Sergeant John S. Bradfield, Oct. 9, average.

Sergeant John J. Rawley, Oct. 9, average.

Acting Sergeant William Thompson, Oct. 2, severe.

Corporal John W. Thompson, Oct. 1, severe.

Corporal Alonzo A. Knowe, Oct. 3, average.

Corporal Enos Titcomb, Oct. 8, average.

Private Henry E. Turner, Oct. 3, died Oct. 5.

Private Ernest Durfee, Oct. 6, average.

Private Wilkam Reigal, Oct. 2, severe.

Private Harry Issler, Oct. 6, average.

Private George Reynolds, Oct. 6, average.

Private Fred Foster, Oct. 4, average.

Private Henry Amey, Oct. 11, average.

Private Frank Koschey, Oct. 5, average.

Private John Wenck, Oct. 6, average.

Seaman William Briggs, a member of the Newport Naval Reserves, who went on the trip with one of the companies from up the State, was admitted to the Hospital on Oct. 4, with a severe case of typhoid. This makes a total of twenty-two cases in Newport with but one death.

Board of Aldermen.

The board of aldermen held a meeting on Saturday afternoon when the last of the city bills for the year were approved, the total amount being \$14,525.91. It was voted to waive the legal notice in regard to the Captain Cotton burial lot bequest in order to facilitate probate matters. The board also voted to recommend to the representative council the widening of Third street from Cypress street north. The matter of a sewer for that section was also discussed but no action was taken.

The board recommended to the council the building of a new powder house at a cost of \$1500, the location not being named. There was some discussion about a number of other recommendations, including the Broadway pavement but no definite action was taken. Henry T. Probert and Michael F. Martin were elected to take the census of births.

Monday, January 12th, has been designated as the date for beginning the next trial of Charles Bradley Smith, charged with causing the death of Willie Fagan at the Beach on July 4th. Smith will remain in the Providence County Jail until the trial is over, unless an order of the Court should direct otherwise.

Rev. Father Meenan, pastor of St. Mary's Church, was tendered a reception in the parochial school on Friday afternoon of last week, in recognition of the thirty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. Father Meenan has a host of warm friends in Newport, both within and without his church.

Wilton J. Seabury, 14, was accidentally killed while gunning in the Little Compton woods last Saturday afternoon, the accident being caused by pulling his gun toward him through a bush. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Lester A. Seabury of Little Compton.

The Commissioner of Birds.

The formation of the Newport County Gun & Game Association for the purpose of advancing the interests of the sportsmen in Newport County calls attention to the very valuable work that is being accomplished by the State Commissioners of Birds. Mr. Charles M. Hughes of this city has been the Commissioner for Newport County for a number of years and his term, like that of the other Commissioners, will expire on the last day of January.

During his term of office he has done a great deal for the protection of game and for the improvement of gunning in



CHARLES M. HUGHES,
Commissioner of Birds for Newport County.

the County. When he took hold, the woods in some of the towns of the county were filled with snares, and it took some time to destroy these and to convince the owners that the new Commissioner was both able and willing to enforce the law strictly and impartially. Mr. Hughes knows the woods of the county and the habits of the game birds as few men do, and is particularly well equipped to fill the somewhat exacting duties of Bird Commissioner.

Newport County has many gunners, who pay well for the licenses that entitle them to the privilege of shooting in the woods, so this County is well entitled to its share of the game birds that are purchased by the State for stocking the woods. Like everything else, however, this end of the State has to fight for all that it gets, so that it was largely due to the untiring efforts of Commissioner Hughes that 548 bobwhite quail were released in the woods of the County in the spring of 1912 and were carefully protected during the winter.

Mr. Hughes has many friends in the city and county of Newport. He has the faculty of making warm personal friends, but is also a good fighter in a hostile camp and is tireless and fearless in the enforcement of the game laws. He is an active member of the new Gun & Game Association and was a member of the committee that drew the constitution and bylaws.

Cornelius W. Twoomey, for many years in the employ of the Providence Telephone Company as a lineman, but who has recently been seen peddling horse radish about the city and doing other odd jobs, committed suicide by inhaling illuminating gas in a room at the Langley apartments on Mary street Monday morning. He was found by the janitor of the building who smelled gas and made an investigation.

Mr. and Mrs. William Shepley have returned from a visit to Washington.

Express Packages Destroyed.

Some Newporters did not receive all the Christmas presents that they expected this year, and they can't really blame anybody either. An express car on the train that was due to land its contents in Newport last Saturday, took fire near Westerly and a large part of its contents were destroyed. Very little of value was saved, and a complete record was hard to obtain. There were goods consigned to Newport storekeepers, and even such as escaped damage by fire were so badly scorched by smoke as to be practically unsaleable. One store had a large shipment of fine gloves which appeared to be uninjured but which spread a smoky odor through the whole store when they were opened.

A number of individuals also had packages on the car. Mrs. John Nicholas Brown had several packages, some of which are ruined. Miss Martha Littlefield received a valuable package shipped from New Jersey. The end of the enclosing box was completely burned off and the whole box was so charred that the wood gave way like punk when the cover was lifted but the contents were so carefully packed that they received not the slightest damage. The name on the package was entirely obliterated, but it was traced by finding the name of the sender still intact.

The new city government will be inaugurated with the usual ceremonies one week from next Monday. Mayor Boyle will then succeed Mayor MacLeod, and Alderman-elect William A. Hanley will take the place held for a number of years by Alderman Thomas C. Albro, Jr. With this exception there will be few changes in the new city government. The principal interest in the inauguration centers in the meeting of the representative council in the evening, when various city officers will be elected. There are many candidates for office, and there will be many contests. A few of the present incumbents will be re-elected without opposition but for most of the offices there will be at least two candidates and for some there will be more than that.

Mr. Charles Sowle, a member of the Jamestown town council and a prominent citizen of that town, died very suddenly at his home last Sunday morning, following an attack of apoplexy. He was formerly a resident of Newport, having been foreman for J. D. Johnston for a number of years. He went to Jamestown to take charge of the building of the house of the late Joseph Wharton and was afterward retained in Mr. Wharton's employ as boatman. He was born in Little Compton and followed the sea in his early life, being for a number of years captain of different steamers plying in the bay.

The will of Joseph P. Cotton was admitted to probate in the Probate Court on Monday. Most of the property goes to his two sons, Frederick J. and Joseph P. Cotton, Jr., a few bequests being made to relatives and close friends. The contents of his office on Thames street are given to Mr. Roland J. Easton, who was associated with him for many years. The personal estate will not exceed \$30,000.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Vanderbilt left New York Tuesday in their yacht the Warrior for a winter cruise in Southern waters. With them as their guests were the Duke and Duchess of Manchester. The plans of the yachting party include New Year's Day in Charleston, S. C., and visits to Bermuda, Palm Beach, Panama, and South America later.

Christmas Day.

Christmas Day in Newport passed off quietly, the observance of the day being mostly in the churches and in the homes. There were few features of a public nature and the weather was not such as to bring the people out of doors unnecessarily. It was very far from typical Christmas weather, being rather warm but very damp. In the early evening a violent rainstorm set in, the rain falling heavily, at times accompanied by sleet. It was a very disagreeable night to be out.

The special church services were well attended, and the music was of a high order. The Salvation Army entertained many of the poor children of the city at a Christmas tree and entertainment in their hall, and also sent out many Christmas dinners. At the Nurses Home of the Newport Hospital, Miss Bogren had charge of the entertainment of some 35 children who were treated to a generous treat. The day was enjoyed as a general holiday at the government stations here, only necessary work being done.

The annual Christmas observance by Washington Commandery of Knights Templars was held in the Masonic building at noon on Christmas Day, Eminent Sir J. Irving Shepley presiding. E. Sir R. S. Burlingame, as Prelate, conducted the devotional exercises. The toasts were responded to by R. E. Sir John P. Sanborn, E. Sir R. S. Burlingame, E. Sir Robert Frame, E. Sir Robert W. Curry, and Sir Dudley E. Campbell. Toasts were drunk standing and in silence to the memory of two Past Eminent Commanders who have passed away during the year. E. Sir Robert S. Franklin and E. Sir Thomas J. Peirce. A letter of Christmas Greeting was sent to Rev. Dr. Aquilla Webb of Louisville, Ky. Music was furnished by a special male quartette.

The large steamer Mount Hope of the Providence, Fall River & Newport Steamboat Company, which plies in the summer between Providence, Newport, and Block Island, was badly damaged by fire at her dock in Providence last Sunday morning, all the upper part of the vessel being practically destroyed. Her hull is intact and she will be rebuilt for the summer season. The Mount Hope is the largest and fastest of the excursion steamers on the Bay and has always been a money maker. The loss is estimated at about \$10,000. The fire cannot be accounted for except from an incendiary.

Mrs. Charles A. Trager, who died on Sunday at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Karl Bostel, was one of the best known of the German residents of Newport, being an active member of a number of the German societies and taking a prominent part in all the entertainments and dances that they have given. She is survived by three sons, Adam, Christopher and Fred Schmidt, two daughters and two step-daughters.

Mr. Edward T. Bosworth, whose term of office as assistant engineer of the fire department expires January first, will not be a candidate for re-election. He has seen a great deal of active service, and has been a very valuable man for the department. It is understood that Mr. J. Harry Brown will be a candidate for the position.

Mrs. Maud Rives Smith, wife of Mr. Walker Breeze Smith of New York, has purchased the Clement Cleveland cottage on Catherine street which has been occupied for a number of years by Admiral and Mrs. Cameron McRae Winslow. It is expected that Mr. and Mrs. Smith will occupy the cottage next summer.

The Marshal

BY
Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews
Author of "The Peaked Throne"
"The Broken Treasure," etc.

Illustrations by ELLSWORTH YOUNG

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CHAPTER XIV.

After Five Years.

The window of the cell was small, but it was low enough so that a man standing could see from it the vast sky and the endless miles away, and, by leaning close to the bars, the hill that sloped down into wooded country, beyond that the end of the shore. The jailer stood close by the little window in the stormy sunset for a better light as he dropped the medicine.

"One—two," he counted the drops carefully up to nine, and then glanced at the prisoner on his cot in the corner, who tossed, and talked rapidly, sleepily. "It is high time that the doctor saw him," the jailer spoke, half aloud. "If the governor had been here this would not have been allowed to run on. I am glad the governor is coming back."

With that the prisoner threw off the cover from his shoulders and sat up suddenly, with wild bright eyes staring at the jailer.

"Pietro!" he called in astonishment. "Why, my dear old Pietro! and here you are, my dear old Pietro! and here you are, my dear old Pietro!"

But the jailer was at his side and held him down, yet gently. "Be quiet, signor," he said respectfully. "It is only old Battista; you will see if it is not. Only Battista, who has taken care of you these five years."

The brilliant dark eyes stared at him hungrily; then with a sigh the light went out of them and the head fell on the pillow.

"Ah, Battista," he said, "my good Battista." A smile full of a subtle charm made the worn face bright. He spoke slowly. "I thought it was my friend—my best friend," he explained gently.

"Will the signor take the doctor's medicine?" Battista asked then, not much noticing the words, for the sick man was clearly light-headed, yet with a certain pleasant throbb of memory which always moved within him at the name of Pietro. It happened that the name stood for some one dear to the jailer also. The signor took the medicine at once, like a good child.

"Will it make me better, do you think, Battista?" he asked earnestly.

"Yes, signor; the doctor is clever."

"I want to be better; I must get well, for I have work to do as soon as I come out of prison."

"Surely, signor. That will be soon now, I think, for it is five years; they will let you go soon, I believe," Battista lied kindly.

"You are good to me, Battista," the boy said, "and just now you gave me a great pleasure. It warms me yet to think of it, for, you see, I thought you were Pietro—my dear Pietro—the Marquis Zappi."

Battista, breathless, stared, stammered. "Whom—whom did you say, signor?"

But the prisoner had flashed into reason. The color went out of his face as the tide ebbs. "Battista, did I say a name? Battista—you will not betray me—you will not repeat that name! I would never have said it but that I was not quite steady. I must have been out of my head; I have never spoken his name before in this place. Oh, if I should bring danger to him! Battista, for God's sake, you will not repeat that name!"

Battista spoke low, glancing at the heavy iron door of the cell. "God forbid, signor!" he whispered, "that I should speak here in his own castle, the name of my young master."

There was a long silence. The prisoner and his jailer gazed at each other as if saying things beyond words. Then the boy put out his long thin fingers and caught the man's sleeve.

"Battista," he murmured, "Battista—is that true? Is it possible? Do you know—my Pietro?"

"Know him, signor?" Battista's deep voice was unsteady. "My fathers have served his for eight hundred years." The man was shaking with a loyalty long pent up, but Francois lifted his head, leaned on his elbow, and looked at him thoughtfully.

"But, Battista, I know you now; he has spoken to me of you; it was your son, the little Battista, who was his body-servant when they were children?"

"Yes, signor."

"I did not dream of it; I never knew what castle this was; I never dreamed of Castello; you would not tell me."

"I could not, signor. It was forbidden. It is forbidden. I am risking my life every minute."

"Go, Battista," and Francois pushed him away with weak hands. "Go quickly—you have been here too long. There might be suspicion. I could not live if I brought trouble on you."

"It is right so far, signor," Battista answered. "It is known you are ill; I must care for the sick ones a little. But I had better go now."

With that he slipped to his knees and lifted the feverish hands to his lips. "The friend of my young master," he said simply, but his voice broke on the words. The traditional faithfulness of centuries was strong in Battista; the Zappi's had been good masters; one had been cared for and contented always; one was terrified and ground down by these "Austrian swine"; the memory of the old masters, the personality of those connected with them, was sacred. Battista bowed his head over the hands in his own thin room.

"I will be back at bedtime, signor," he said quietly, and was gone.

A person of more importance than Battista and Pietro under the spell of

Francis' personality. The governor himself had been attracted by the young Frenchman. The governor, Count von Gersdorf, was a vain, discontented, brilliant Austrian, at odds with the world because he had not risen further to it. He was without society in this mountain fortress of his, and longed for it; he had a fine voice and no one to sing to; he liked to talk and had no one to talk to. Francois, with his ready friendliness, with his gift of finding him in every one, with his winning manner and simplicity which had the ease of sophistication, was a treasure-trove of amusement to the bored Austrian.

Things stood so with the prisoner at the time of his discovery of the identity of his jailer and of his jail. The governor at that time was away on a visit to Vienna, looking for a promotion; he came back elated and good-humored in the prospect of a change within the year. But the heart of Francois sank as he thought what the change might mean to him.

"Some day a marshal of France under another name," he said to himself one day, staring through the bars at his window—so called the sky so. He smiled. "But that is nothing. To help place my prince on the throne of France—that is my work—my life." He talked aloud at times, as prisoners come to do. He went on then, in a low voice.

"If there were good fairies, if I had three wishes, Allex—the prince made emperor—Francis Beaupre, a marshal of France." He laughed happily. "It is child's play. Nothing matters except that my life shall do its work. Even that is so small; but I have a great desire to do that. I believe I shall do that—I know it." And he fell to work on a book which he was planning, chapter by chapter, in his brain.

But, if he were to escape ever, the chance was increased infinitely by the going back and forth to the governor's room. A new governor might keep him shut up absolutely. It had been so while the count was away; then he had been ill, and the lieutenant in command would not let a doctor see him till he became delirious; that was the ordinary treatment of prisoners. Francois, thinking over these things on a day, fell with a sudden accent on the steady push of his longing for freedom, the conviction that he must get free before the count left, else opportunity and force for the effort would both be gone forever. And on that day Battista brought in his midday meal with a look and a manner which Francois remarked.

"What is it, Battista?" he asked softly.

"The man answered not a word, but turned and opened the door rapidly and looked out. 'I thought I had left the water-pitcher. Ah, here it is—I am stupid,' he spoke aloud. And then, dagger in lip dramatically, he bent over the young man. 'My son—the little Battista—has had a letter. The young master wishes him to come to him in France, to serve him. He is going in two days.'"

It was whispered quickly, and Battista stood erect.

"The signor's food will get cold if the signor does not eat it," he spoke gruffly. "I do not like to carry good food for prisoners who do not appreciate it. I shall bring less tomorrow."

But Francois, hardly hearing the surly tones, had his hand on Battista's arm, was whispering back eagerly.

"Where does he go, in France?"

"To Viçques," the low answer came. Francois sank back, tortured.

Going to Viçques, the little Battista! From Castello! And he, Francois, must stay here in prison! His soul was wrung with a sudden wild homesickness. He wanted to see Allex, to see his mother, to see the general; to see the peaceful little village and the stream that ran through it, and the steeparched bridge, and the poppy fields, and the corn! The gray castle with its red roofs, and the beech wood, and the dim, high-walled library, how he wanted to see it all! How his heart ached, madly, feverishly! This was the worst moment of all his captivity. And with that, Battista was over him, was murmuring words again. Something was slipped under the bedclothes.

"Paper—pens. The signor will write a letter this afternoon. And tomorrow little Battista will take it."

And the heart of Francois gave a sudden throb of joy as wild as his own.

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time. Pietro's quiet gray eyes were sad as he looked away from Allex and across the lawn to the beech wood.

"God knows I would give my life quickly if I could see him coming through the trees there, as we used to see him, mornings long ago, in his patched homespun clothes."

Allex followed the glance considerately, as if calling up the little, brown, trudging figure so well remembered. Then she looked up her head sharply. "What?" and then she laughed. "I shall be seeing visions next, like Francois," she said. "I thought it was back to the beech wood."

"I see no one," Pietro stated. "But you have no eyes, Pietro—I can always see a thing two minutes before you," Allex threw at him. "There—the man!"

"Oh," said Pietro. "Your eyes are more than natural, Allex. You see into a wood; that is uncanny. Yes, I see him now. Mon dieu! he is a big fellow."

"A peasant—from some other village," Allex spoke carelessly. "I do not know him," and they went on talking, as they had been doing, of Francois.

And with that, here was Jean Philippe Molson, forty now and fat, but still beautiful in purple millinery, advancing down the stone steps between the tall gray trees, making a symphony of color with the rich red of the flowers. He held a silver tray; a letter was on it.

"For mademoiselle."

Mademoiselle took it calmly and glanced at it, and with that both the footman and the Marquis Zappi were astonished to see her fall to shivering, as if in a sudden illness. She caught Pietro's arm. The letter was clutched in her other hand thrust back of her.

"What is it, Allex?" His voice was quiet as ever, but his hand was around her shaking fingers, and he held them strongly. "What is it, Allex?"

She drew forward the other hand; the letter shook, rustled with her trembling. "It is—from Francois!"

Jean Philippe Molson having stayed to listen, he ought not, lifted his eyes and his hands to heaven and gave thanks in a general way, volubly, profusely. By now the steady fingers of Allex had opened the paper, and her head and Pietro's were bent over it, devouring the well-known writing. Allex, excited, French, exploded into a disjointed running comment.

"From prison—our Francois—dear Francois!" And then, "Five years, Pietro! Think—while we have been free!" And then, with a swift clutch again at the big coat sleeve crowding against her: "Pietro! See, see! The date—it is only two months ago. He was alive then; he must be alive now; he is! I know it, Pietro! A woman knows more things than a man."

With that she threw up her head and fixed Jean Philippe, drinking in all this, with an unexpected stern glance. "What are you doing here, Molson? What manners are these?" Then, relapsing in a dash into pure human trust and affection toward the anxious old servant: "My dear, old, good Molson—he is alive—Monsieur Francois is alive—in a horrible prison in Italy! But he is alive, Molson!" And with that, a sudden jump again into dignity. "Who brought this, Molson?"

Jean Philippe was only too happy to have a hand in the joyful excitement. "Mademoiselle, the young person speaks little language. But he told me to say to monsieur the marquis that he was the little Battista."

Pietro looked up quickly. "Allex, it is the servant from my old home of whom I spoke to you. I can not imagine how Francois got hold of him, but he chose a good messenger. May I have him brought here? He must have something to tell us."

Allex, her letter in her hands, struggled in her mind. Then: "The letter will keep—yes, let him come, and we can read it all the better after for what he may tell us."

So Molson, having orders to produce at once the said little Battista, retired, much excited, and returned shortly—but not so shortly as to have omitted a fling of the great news into the midst of the servants' hall. He conducted, marching behind him, the little Battista, an enormous young man of six feet four, erect, grave, stately. This dignified person, saluting the lady with a deep bow, dropped on one knee before his master, his eyes full of a worshiping joy, and kissed his hand. Having done which, he arose silently and stood waiting, with those beaming eyes feasting on Pietro's face, but otherwise decorous.

First the young marquis said some friendly words of his great pleasure in seeing his old servant and the friend of his childhood, and the big man stood with downcast eyes, with the color flushing his happy face. Then, "Battista," asked the marquis, "how did you get the letter which you brought mademoiselle?"

"My father," answered Battista laconically.

"How did your father get it?"

"From the signor prisoner, my signor."

Allex and Pietro looked at him attentively, not comprehending by what means this was possible. Pietro, remembering the little Battista of old, vaguely remembered that he was incapable of initiative in speech. One must pump him painfully.

"Was your father in the prison where the signor is confined?" Allex asked.

The little Battista turned his eyes on her a second, approvingly, but briefly. They went back without delay to their affair of devouring the face of his master. But he answered promptly. "Yes, signoria; he is there always."

"Always?" Pietro demanded in alarm. "Is Battista a prisoner?"

"But no, my signor."

"What then? Battista, try to tell us."

So adjured, little Battista made a violent effort. "He is one of the jailers, my signor."

"Jailers?" For the Austrians? The face of the marquis took all the joyful light out of the face of little Battista.

"My signor," he stammered, "I could not be helped. He was there. He knew the castle. They forced him at first, and—and it came to be so."

"Knew the castle?" Pietro repeated. "What castle?"

Battista's eyes turned to his master's like those of a faithful dog, trusting but not understanding. "What castle, my signor? Castello—the signor's own castle—what other?"

A sharp exclamation from Allex summed up everything. "Your castle is confiscated; they use it as a prison. Francois is a prisoner there, Pietro! All these years—in your own home!"

"I never dreamed of that," Pietro spoke, thinking aloud. "Every other



"You Must Save Him!"

prison in Austria and Italy I have tried to find him in. I never dreamed of Castello!"

At the end of the interview the little Battista put his hand into his breast pocket and brought out another letter, thickly rolled. Would mademoiselle have him instructed where to find the mother of the signor prisoner? He had promised to put this into her own hands. He must do it before he touched food.

And Jean Philippe Molson, who had lurked discreetly back of the nearest stone vase, not missing a syllable, was given orders, and the huge little Battista was sent off up the stone steps between the scarlet flowers, up the velvet slope of lawn, in charge of the purple one.

Half an hour later the general walked up from the village, walked slowly, thoughtfully through the beech wood, his face hardly older than when he had come to Viçques, but sterner and sadder; his still solitary gait less buoyant than it had been five years ago.

He saw Allex and Pietro coming joyfully toward him, running lightly, heartily, calling to him with excited gay voices. It stabbed the general's heart; a quick thought came of that other who had been always with them, now dead or worse, of that other whom these two had forgotten. And with that they were upon him, and Allex was kissing him, hugging him, pushing a letter into his hand, up his sleeve, into his face—anywhere.

"Father—good news—the best news—almost the best! Father, be ready for the good news!"

"I am ready," the general growled impatiently. "What is this foolery? Sabre de bois! What is your news, then, you silly child?"

And Allex, shaking very much, laid her hand on his cheek and looked earnestly into his eyes. "Father, Francois is alive!"

For all his gruff self-control the general made the letter an excuse shortly to sit down. Queer, that a man's knees should suddenly bend and give way because of a thrill of rapture in a man's psychological make-up! But the general had to sit down. And then there all that had been extracted from little Battista was rehearsed, and the letter read over from start to finish.

"But he is alive, father! Alive! That is happiness enough to kill one. I never knew till now that I feared he was dead."

"Alive—yes! But in prison—in that devil's hole of an old castle!" And Allex looked at Pietro and laughed, but the general paid no attention. "He must be got out. There is no time to waste. Noble! He is perishing in that vile stable! What was that the lad said about the doctor's speech, that only a long sea voyage could save him? One must get him out, mon dieu, quick!"

"Allex, her hand on his arm, put her hand down on it suddenly and stood so for a moment, her face hidden. Pietro, his hands thrust deep in his pockets, looked at the general with wide gray eyes, considering. With that Allex flashed up, turned on the young Italian, shaking her forefinger at him; her eyes shone blue fire.

"That is for you, Pietro. If we should lose him now, just as we have found him! Now is the time for you to show if you can be what is brave and strong, as Francois has shown. It is your castle; you must save him."

Pietro looked at the girl, and the color crept through his cheeks, but he said nothing.

"Allex, my Allex," her father put an arm around her. "One may not demand heroism as if it were bread and butter. Pietro will not fail us."

"Allex always wished me to be brilliant like Francois," Pietro spoke gently. "But I never could."

"Yet, Pietro, it is indeed your time," Allex threw at him eagerly. "Francois must be rescued or he will die."

"Yes," Pietro answered quietly. "Francois must be rescued."

He was silent a moment, as if thinking. His calm poised mind was working swiftly; one saw the inner action in the clear gray eyes. The general and Allex, watching him, saw it.

"I think I know how," he said.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Stone Staircase.

Battista's prisoner stood at the barred window high up the steep side of the castle and stared out wildly at the receding infinity of business—his morning in the three months since his letter had gone to France, he

had grown old. The juices of his youth seemed dried up; his eyes were bloodshot, his skin yellow; there was no flesh on him. The walling and baying had worn on him more than the dead level of the hopeless years before. There was a new tenor in the lightly-built figure, even in the long, delicate, strong fingers. The prisoner had caught a whiff of the air of home and was choking for a full breath.

"You are not well, my friend," said the governor. "The doctor must see you."

But Francois refused lightly and laughed and fell to singing an old peasant song of France which he had remembered lately; he got up on the table and danced to an imaginary fiddle which he pretended to play after the manner of old Jacques Arno, who played for dances in Viçques. And the governor was taken with a violent fancy for it. He roared at it, and sang it over in fragments till he had learned it, and then he sang it and roared again and slapped his knee; there was a droll comedy in Francois' rendering also, not to be explained—and the count said that Francois must come to his room the next night for dinner and sing him the song again and also listen to a new one of his own.

So Francois was taken down the stone staircase and conducted to the two rooms which were the governor's suite. He knew them well, for he had dined many times with the count. But tonight he was left alone a few moments in the outer room, the living-room, while the governor was in the bedroom, and he looked about keenly with a strained attention which grew out of the suppressed hope of escape. Who knew what bit of knowledge of the castle might be vital, and who knew how soon? He noted the words and pistols hanging on the wall, and marked a light saber whose scabbard was brightly polished as if the blade also were kept in good order. On the table he saw the flint and steel with which Count von Gersdorf lighted his pipe; he stepped to the window, and bent out, scanning the wall. A stone coping, wide enough for a man's foot, but little more, ran, four feet below, ten feet beyond the window it ended in the roof of a shed, a sloping roof where a man could drop down, yes, or even climb up with ease. A man, that is, who had climbed when a boy as Francois had climbed—like a cat for certainty and lightness. But what then, when one was in the courtyard? It was walled about with a stone wall sixteen feet high; these old ancestors of Pietro, who had built this place, had planned well to keep Pietro's friend in prison.

So Francois, not hopeful of a sortie by that point, drew in his head from the open window and took to examining the walls of the governor's room. There were three doors—one from the hall by which he had come, one behind which he now heard the count moving in his bedroom, and a third. The count had gone through this last door one night a month before, into a dark, winding, stone staircase, and disappeared for three minutes, and brought up a bottle of wonderful wine.

"A fine stock they put down there—the Italians who ruled here for eight hundred odd years," he had said. "I've lowered it a bit. A good spacious wine-cellar and grand old wine. You will be the better for a little." And Francois had watched him as he put the brass key back on the chain which hung from his belt.

At this point of memory the bedroom door opened, and the governor came in, in great good humor and ready to eat and drink as became an Austrian soldier. The dinner was brought in, but Francois, for all his efforts to do his part, could not swallow food, or very little. The fever, the unrest burning in him, made it impossible. Count Gersdorf looked at him seriously when dinner was over; as yet Francois, talking, laughing, singing, had eaten not over half a dozen mouthfuls.

"Certainly you are not well," he said. "I think the doctor should see you." And then he nodded his head and his small eyes gleamed with a brilliant thought. "I know a medicine better than a doctor's." He stood up and his fingers were working at the chain of keys at his belt. Francois watched them and saw the thin, old, brass key which he slipped off. "A bottle of wine of our Italian ancestors—yours and mine, Beaupre"—the count chuckled—"that will cure you of your ills for this evening at least." He slid the key into the lock and said, half to himself, "My little brass friend never leaves the belt of Albrecht von Gersdorf except to do him a pleasure, bless him!" And then, "Hold the candle Beaupre—well, come along down—it can do no harm and I can't manage a light and two bottles."

So Francois followed down the twisted, headlong, stone staircase and found himself, after rather a long descent, holding the lamp high, gazing curiously about the walls of a large stone room lined with shelves, filled with bottles.

"A show, isn't it?" the Count von Gersdorf demanded. "Here, hold the light on this side," and he went on talking. "The wine is so old that I think it must have been stocked before the time of the last lord of the castle."

And Francois, holding the light, remembering the Marquis Zappi, thought so too. The count pointed to a square stone in the wall which projected slightly, very slightly.

"That is the door to a secret stock of some sort, I have always thought," he said. "Probably some wonderful old stuff saved for the coming of age of the heir, or a great event of that sort. I wish I could get at it," and he stared wistfully at the massive block. "But I cannot stir it. And I don't let anyone but myself down here—not I!"

The count turned away and they mounted the two stories of narrow steps, for the governor's rooms were on the second floor, and the staircase ran from it between walls, down underground. "The old chaps must have thought a lot of their wine to have the cellar connect directly with their own rooms—for Battista tells me these

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE

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Saturday, December 27, 1913

The Postmaster General asks for a million dollars to carry on the parcels post machinery till next June. Luxuries come high. The parcels post is not a paying luxury for Uncle Sam.

The Westinghouse Electric Company, of Pittsburgh, have laid off 4600 men, and the Jones & Laughlin Steel Company of the same city, have laid off 1600. The U. S. Steel Corporation have laid off several thousand. This is one of the beneficent workings of the new tariff law.

Representative Glass, chairman of the House banking and currency committee, declared Saturday that six months after the new currency bill is passed there would be a veritable saturation of inflation. That is just what Bryan and Co. have been long working for. More fiat money.

Vice-Pres. Marshall will go on the lecture platform after the close of the present session of Congress at \$300 a lecture. It would be just as well for the country if President Wilson and all his cabinet would join the Bryan, Marshall combination, go on a lecture tour to foreign lands and let the country run itself.

The new currency bill has now become a law and the country will "watch out" sharply to see how it works. The great anxiety now will be as to the managers of the regional reserve banks to be appointed by the President, and the cities that are to have these eight to ten regional banks. It is expected that only one will be allotted to New England and that one will be in Boston.

The Erie railroad has laid off 6,000 men in the last few days. Cause, the closing down of mills and factories at various points along the line, and the consequent decrease in the business to be carried by the road. This is strange. For have we not Wilson's curial for all this, a free trade tariff? If things keep on Cox's army of unemployed of the Cleveland administration will look like a school boy squad compared with the army of unemployed of Wilson's administration.

President Wilson has just come to the conclusion that the business men of the country—at least some of them—are dishonest. He has thus far in his political career acted on the principle that they are all knaves and law breakers and must be punished. Now when his attitude toward the business interests of the country was not only on the verge of bringing on a panic but was in a fair way to swamp his own party he has seen new light and concluded to treat the business and financial world in a more decent manner. It is time.

The President, Tuesday night, with a great deal of unnecessary ceremony, using four gold pens, signed his name to the new currency bill, thus making it a law. Let us see if it will now have as much effect in bringing about prosperous times as has the Wilson tariff abortion passed some months ago. This bill is purely a Democratic measure and will be operated by Democratic politicians. In the first place the organizing committee who are to put this law into operation is composed of the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of Agriculture and the Comptroller of the Currency, all Democrats and one at least from his profession, is not supposed to have any knowledge of banking, the farmer on the committee. After the measure is put in force, the Federal reserve board who are to manage the system is to be appointed by the President, with the exception of the Secretary of the Treasury and the Comptroller of the Currency. There are to be five others, all Democratic politicians, who will receive a nice little salary of twelve thousand each. These will be fat jobs for the President's henchmen. We doubt very much if the bill will have any other value.

Coming Session of the General Assembly.

The Republican members of the General Assembly will hold a caucus in Providence next Friday to make nominations for Speaker and Clerks for the session of the Assembly which begins two weeks from Tuesday. There are two candidates for Speaker, the present incumbent, Representative Davis of Gloucester, and Representative Hamill of Bristol. The present clerks, Messrs. Mowry and Howland, will be renominated without opposition. Among other officers to be chosen this year will be the judges and clerks of the twelve district courts. In the first district Judge Franklin has been the judge for quite a number of years, and Mr. George H. Kelley the clerk. They have both proved themselves capable and impartial officials. They have attended to all their duties faithfully and for the best interests of the State. They should both be re-elected, as they doubtless will be. All the sheriffs of the State come up for election this year. For the position of sheriff for Newport County, there is no opposition as far as is known to the present incumbent. Sheriff Anthony has held the place for many years and will doubtless continue to hold it as long as he wants it.

Democrats Fear Depression.

The Democratic administration is very evidently getting frightened at the havoc that it has wrought to business throughout the country. The great number of idle workmen, the great factories that are daily closing their doors because of stagnation of trade and foreign competition, have begun to have their effect in Washington. Although it has been the plan of President Wilson to begin his anti-trust campaign as soon as the free trade and currency bills were passed, the announcement by Vice President Marshall that it would be well to rest for awhile, and see "what the effect is upon the country of the recent legislation," indicates that somebody is "getting cold feet."

In his regular message, read to Congress when it convened Dec. 1, the President said that later, he would submit a special message outlining his policy of dealing with the various phases of the trust question and previously, in a letter to Representative Clayton, chairman of the House Judiciary committee, he expressed the same purpose, with special reference to the bills then already in the course of preparation by Mr. Clayton and the other House leaders.

Since then Mr. Wilson has conferred with Senators Newlands and La Follette and other Senators, who have long given special study to matters of interstate commerce and kindred subjects affecting the operation of the railroads and all combinations of capital.

A Great Procession.

The procession of war ships, led by the old Oregon under Admiral Clarke, through the Panama Canal, will be the greatest line of leviathans ever seen in the history of the world. As an adjunct to this fleet will also be a great fleet of merchant vessels. This international fleet will doubtless consist of vessels of different classes. That of the United States surely will. But each foreign power will send at least one of her highest type of battle ship, of the dreadnaught or superdreadnaught class, mounting at least eight guns of 11 to 15 inches caliber.

Naval strength is reckoned at the present time chiefly in the number of such vessels in commission, the heavy dreadnaughts and the cruiser battle ships of recent construction, of the latter of which our navy possesses none. Of "all-big-gun" ships, Great Britain has 23, Germany 20, United States 12, France 8, Russia 7, Japan 7, Italy 6, Austria-Hungary 4, Argentina 3, Chile 1, and Turkey 1, when completed. This is practically the order of naval strength as estimated by experts, all other classes of vessels being also given their due proportion of weight. It is quite likely that the number of vessels contributed to the international fleet, which will first assemble in Hampton Roads, will be in about the same proportion, though Japan is likely to send more than Russia, each nation being careful not to disturb the general balance of naval strength in home waters.

In the greatest naval battle ever fought, that between the allied Greeks and the Persians at Salamis, about 1500 vessels were engaged, used more as platforms on which thousands of soldiers fought than as contests between ships. In the next greatest fight, at Actium, where Caesar defeated Antony, more than 300 vessels were engaged in a like manner. The Great Spanish Armada contained 130 ships with 2481 guns and 19,000 men, but never came into full action. Trafalgar, that greatest of battles between wooden vessels mounted with cannon, had but fifty ships, while Farragut at Mobile had only fourteen wooden ones and four iron-clads. Manila Bay, Santiago and the Sea of Japan saw the great modern battles of less than a score of ships. Yet successively, each one of the fleets that fought would have been able to destroy its predecessors almost at will, and in like manner a single vessel of a number of those which will follow the Oregon from ocean to ocean would be able to destroy the whole fleet of any of these preceding battles. Not alone in individual strength, but in numbers, for doubtless fully 200 ships of war, will be in the column, will the Panama procession be the greatest demonstration of physical force the world has ever known, and all to herald the opening of a great waterway hailed as the chief triumph of civilization in the promotion of peace.

New York sugar importers declare the impending tariff reduction has reduced prices of sugar below the cost of production and is playing havoc with the southern planters. It is said that conditions bordering on a panic prevail at New Orleans, where planters, expecting higher prices for sugar, had mortgaged their properties to the limit. Well, they can thank their own friends for this condition of things. The consumer for once, may sometime find the future, get some benefit from this.

Roosevelt has still got his finger in politics notwithstanding he is out of the country. Just now he is working out a little revenge against La Follette of Wisconsin. He is advising all his Wisconsin followers to support Gov. McGovern for U. S. Senator against La Follette's man. He cannot forgive any one who ever opposed him in any way.

It is claimed that it would cost the government three million dollars to take over the telephone and telegraph companies of the country. That would put a mortgage of one hundred dollars on every family in the country.

Plain Truth.

Public Utilities Commissioner Hise of Connecticut hit the nail on the head when he said at a meeting in Tremont Temple, Boston, speaking of the treatment of the New England railroads: "I would be remiss in my duty to you at this time, if I failed to call your attention to the great calamity that now confronts the leading railroad interests serving this New England agricultural territory. Crushed between professional agitators, financial pirates, labor unions and threatened prosecutions by the government at Washington, these noble truck-horses of ours, with greater burdens to carry than ever before, are to be separated in their work, 'allowed no extra feed in the way of increased freight rates to make up for the extra strain of an overload of expenses. 'Their side line feeders, the electric railways that pass our farms and are only just beginning to serve us so cheaply and well, are to be cut off. And all for what? Who is to be benefited? Certainly not the stockholders, nor train employees; not the traveling public or the receiver or shipper of freight. No one is to be benefited that I can discover, and all are to be injured, except possibly the vultures that pick the remains."

I am clearly of the opinion that a complete separation of all these interests and going back to the old way, as now demanded, will mean turning back the clock of New England's prosperity fully 25 years."

State College Notes.

Harry R. Lewis, '07, now Prof. of Dairying and Poultry Husbandry at the New Jersey Agricultural College, has recently put out a book entitled "Productive Poultry Husbandry." Prof. Lambert is planning to use this as a text book in the poultry course which begins here next month.

Former Governor Kinkaid who recently resigned from the Board of Managers owing to changing his residence from Providence County to Washington County, was given a silver loving cup last week by his former associates as a token of appreciation for the work he has done for the college. Pres. Howard Edwards made the presentation.

Prof. D. J. Lambert has been unusually busy with outside calls during the past fortnight. Besides filling lecture engagements in New Hampshire and at the New Jersey Agricultural college, he has attended five poultry shows during that time, at two of which he acted as judge. Next week he speaks in Berwick, Me.

The Extension department, under Prof. A. B. Stone, is making plans in anticipation of the passage by Congress of the Smith-Lever bill which provides funds for the engaging trained agricultural men who will carry agricultural information and advice direct to the people in their homes and on the farm.

This is a very timely effort on the part of Congress to meet a want which is becoming more and more pressing every year. There are few farmers who do not realize the value of up-to-date information in connection with their farm work and management, but hitherto they have not had an opportunity to obtain the information in a way that would enable them to make full use of it.

The agricultural advisers provided for in the Smith-Lever bill will not only take information direct to the farmers but they will also demonstrate how the knowledge may be put into actual practice on the farm.

Mrs. Walter S. Mott, who died at her daughter's home in New Rochelle, N. Y., on Christmas Day, was a sister of Mrs. David Stevens of this city. She was a daughter of the late George C. and Elizabeth Melville Munroe of Newport and married the late Walter S. Mott many years ago. Since the death of her husband, Mrs. Mott had made her home with her daughter, Mrs. Otto G. Hopfel in New Rochelle. She is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Stevens of this city and Mrs. A. B. Corbin of New Haven. The funeral will be held to-day and Mrs. Stevens and her daughter, Miss Katharine M. Stevens have gone to New Rochelle to attend the services.

Dr. and Mrs. Henry M. Jeter observed the thirty-fifth anniversary of their marriage on Christmas eve, when they were the recipients of many valuable gifts from their friends in Newport and elsewhere. A delightful programme of entertainment had been arranged for them by a committee from the congregation of Shiloh Baptist Church, of which Dr. Jeter has been the pastor for many years, and it was carried out without a hitch.

There was a lively runaway on Powell avenue Christmas morning, the horse driven by Frank Stevens of Middletown becoming unmanageable. The driver was thrown out on Newport avenue and the horse continued through Powell avenue where it was stopped. Mr. Stevens was taken to the Hospital for treatment.

Mrs. Phoebe C. Underwood, a sister of the late William J. Underwood of Newport, died at her home in Wakefield this week after a considerable illness. She was a half-sister of Mrs. Thomas P. Peckham of this city.

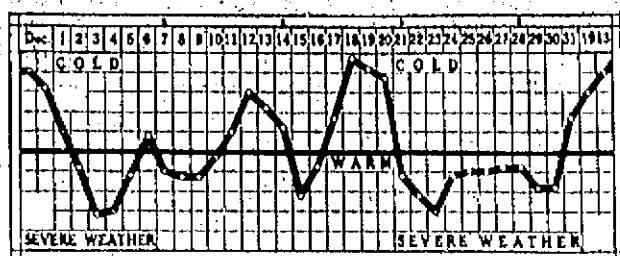
Declaring that the Hetch-Hetchy bill was put through "by the most insidious lobby ever assembled in Washington," Senator Works of California has introduced a bill to repeal the act.

Shortly after the opening of the Panama Canal three steamship companies, subsidized by the Japanese government, will start a line of passenger and freight boats between Tokyo and Boston, calling upon three ports enroute.

One of the leading bankers of the country says: "People who look to the currency bill as a cure for the present financial depression are going to be fooled. The tariff is responsible for financial conditions and no currency reform will help it."

Dr. and Mrs. William Benton Greene of Princeton, N. J., spent Christmas with their brother, Rev. Richard Arnold Greene in Newport.

WEATHER BULLETIN.



Southeast of a line drawn from Montreal, Canada, to El Paso, Texas, temperatures of December will average lower than usual and precipitation about or above normal. Northwest of that line about or above normal temperatures with less than usual precipitation, except colder than usual on northern Pacific slope and in northern Rockies with more than usual snow. Temperatures will be lowest during the weeks centering on December 3 and 23 and highest during the weeks centering on November 30, December 18 and January 2. Storm forces will be greatest and most severe weather will occur during the weeks centering on December 2, 23 and January 1. Heaviest precipitation expected in vicinity of Gulf of Mexico.

Tribble line represents normal temperatures. Where the temperature line goes above this normal line indicates warmer and where it goes below indicates cooler than usual. Temperature line dates are for Meridian 90. Count one to three days earlier for west of that line and as much later for east of it in proportion to the distance from that line which runs north and south through St. Louis.

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Washington, D. C. Dec. 26, 1913.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Jan. 1 to 5, warm wave Dec. 31 to Jan. 4, cool wave Jan. 3 to 7. Temperatures of this disturbance will average about normal. Force of the storm will be greater than usual and their intensity will increase as they near the Atlantic coast. A cold wave will follow causing northern snows and severe winter storms. Better not plan out door affairs for the five days centering on the day set for the disturbance to pass your longitude.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Jan. 7, cross Pacific slope by close of 8, great central valleys 9 to 11, eastern sections 13. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Jan. 7, great central valleys 9, eastern sections 11. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Miss Kate L. Durfee, who has been at the Union Hospital for six weeks is now able to sit up a part of the time. Her friends gave her a postal card shower for Christmas.

Miss Mary Sloop of Glen street has gone to Providence to visit her sister.

There was a good sized congregation at the Christian Church on Tuesday evening to hear the Christmas exercises. The platform was beautifully arranged as an old-fashioned living-room, with a brick fire-place with fire. A large cross of electric lights added to the scene. The tree was decorated with electric lights of red, white and blue as well as all the Christmas trimmings and it contained loads of pretty gifts.

The electric effects were arranged by Mr. Robert Purcell. The entertainment was very interesting and appropriate. Those taking part were, Rev. Albert Loucks, Charlotte Coggeshall, John Paquin, Alice and Mary Coggeshall, Helen Sisson, Edward Saddington, John Burroughs, Mrs. Warren R. Sherman, Mrs. Charles Grinnell, Alfred Sherman, Frances Sisson, Stuart Purcell, Mary and Margaret Paquin, Edwin Loucks acted the part of Santa Claus, Mrs. Belle L. Tallman as organist, Miss Lizzie Chase and Miss Elsie Brown were the committee.

Mrs. Timothy P. Durfee is visiting Mrs. Henry Almy of Union street.

Mr. Levi Norbury has opened a meat market in the rear of the waiting-room near Middletown line.

Mrs. Martha G. Eldy is visiting Mrs. William Thurston of Newport.

Mr. Frederick A. Lawton, who has been employed in West Lee, Mass., arrived Wednesday to spend the holidays with his family.

Mrs. Edward Almy, who is over 80 years old, fell recently, while about her household duties and wrenched her hip badly.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Gray entertained a large family party on Christmas Day, several of the gifts coming from out of town.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Pierce have moved to Fall River.

Miss Lusanna Allen has gone to Fall River to spend the winter with her sister, Mrs. William Rimmer.

Mrs. Frank C. Cory has been guest of her sister, Mrs. George B. Thomas of Middletown.

Miss Carolyn D. Anthony was one of the double quartette who sang at the carol service of the First Congregational Church on Christmas Eve.

Mrs. Lucy M. Phinney, teacher of the McGarrigle School, arranged a pleasing program for the last day of school. Among those who took part were, Jesse Vardilina, Lloyd Sisson, Alfred Sherman, Domingo Oliveria, Everett Sherman, Stuart Purcell, Mary Lopez, Bella Oliveria, Earl Sherman, Mary Lopez, Alice Marx, Hope Sherman, Agnes De Costa, Mary Manchester, and Albert Purcell. At the close of the exercises the pretty tree was stripped of its gifts, then came the surprise. Mrs. Phinney was presented with a handsome silver pitcher, this being the gift of the children and several friends outside the school. Refreshments were served.

Miss Annie Almy of Tiverton is visiting her grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Almy of Glen street. After the funeral of their mother, Miss Viola Almy returned with her aunt and uncle Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Cooke of Wickford.

Mr. Clifford Peckham who has been spending the past two months in Sherburne, Mass., has been home for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Freeborn spent Christmas in New York.

Capt. and Mrs. Oliver G. Hicks are entertaining their daughter Mrs. George Hallister, Mr. Hallister, and daughter Jean of Hartford, Conn.

Miss Harriet Wheeler, a teacher at Penn. Charter School, Philadelphia, is spending her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur C. Wheeler.

Miss Dorothy Howland of Fall River has been the guest of Miss Mary Hall of Sprague St.

Mrs. Edward Almy entertained the Oliphant Club at the regular meeting. It being the anniversary of the birthday of the poet John Greenleaf Whittier the program was made up of his poems, his biography, and Christmas selections, which made up a very interesting afternoon. Refreshments were served.

Mr. and Mrs. William Shepley have returned from a visit to Washington.

SHORT LINE

-TO-

PROVIDENCE

-VIA-

Newport & Providence Railway

In effect Sept. 15, 1913.

A car will leave Washington Square Week Days at 7:40 a. m., making close connection through to Providence by the way of Bristol arriving at Union Station, Providence, at 9:30 a. m. The other trips through the day will remain the same, leaving Newport at 50 minutes past the hour until 5:50 p. m. SUNDAYS connecting through to Providence leaving Newport each hour from 8:50 a. m. to 7:50 p. m.

G. W. TOWLE,
Superintendent

NOTICE.

To the Newport Mercury.

Gentlemen:

The undersigned takes this method of informing his friends and especially the Representative Council of this City that he has been urged to be a candidate for the Office of Street Commissioner of the City of Newport for the year 1914, and say if elected I will serve the City to the best of my ability by giving my whole undivided attention to the duties of the office, which is required by law.

Hoping the Gentlemen of the Representative Council may think well of my candidacy.

I am yours truly,

WM. HAMILTON,

51 Bridge St., City.

Newport, R. I., Oct. 7, 1913.

You Can Still Get

Your Garden Seeds

At the

Old Stand

So long Occupied by

Fernando Barker

ON

BROADWAY

NEAR

LAKE'S CORNER

Keep thoroughly and accurately

posted on your investments.

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A great opportunity for the young married

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Address: THE STATE COLLEGE

at Kingston, R. I.

LAWYER'S DEATH REVEALS SECRET

Woman Kept Hidden in Couch's
Office Fifteen Years

FRIENDS NEVER SUSPECTED

New York Attorney Was Married Man
and Supposed Pillar of Respectability—No One Ever Allowed to
Open Door of Secret Room Where
She Was Concealed

The sudden death of Melvin H. Couch, of Monticello, N. Y., revealed the almost incredible fact that for fifteen years the former district attorney of Sullivan county and once an associate of Alton B. Parker, has maintained in a secret room opening off his office a woman known as Josephine M. Branca.

Novellists in their most imaginative moments have seldom approached the circumstances attending the sudden taking of Couch, a married man and a supposed pillar of respectability.

Although his wife has been a frequent visitor to the lawyer's office, like Bluebeard's wife, she was forbidden ever to enter a door at the back of the room. The office is situated in the Masonic temple, a structure housing many professional men, all of whom were in total ignorance of the hidden chapter of Couch's life.

When the news of Mr. Couch's death reached Mrs. Couch through indirect sources, she hurried to his office. His day dead on a lounge surrounded by the undertaker and some of the county officials, who are inclined to regard his death as suspicious. At her suggestion an attempt was made to open the forbidden door. It was locked. The undertaker, stimulated by the extraordinary circumstances, mounted a chair and peered over the transom.

Then and there Couch's carefully kept secret was revealed. In a corner of the room crouched a wild-eyed, frightened woman, tangled and disordered hair tumbling about her pale face.

"Don't break down the door. Don't hurt me," she said. "I'll come out." She unlocked the door and walked to the officials, who stared at her in thunderstruck silence.

"Who are you?" demanded Sheriff Kinney.

"I am Josephine M. Branca," she stammered, and then broke into wild sobs. "I know nothing of Mr. Couch's death," she cried. "I came out of the room at 5 this morning and found Mr. Couch dead on that lounge, where he often slept."

The sheriff took the woman to the county jail. The news of the extraordinary happenings surrounding the passing of Couch ran through the county where he was a well-known figure. The sheriff tried for hours to break down the woman's wall of secrecy, but he failed to elicit anything more vital than that she had met Couch fifteen years ago, that she was from Goshen, Orange county, and that she had met the lawyer while on a visit to Monticello.

WILLIAMS IS CONFIRMED

Massachusetts Man Will Be New
Minister to Greece

The senate confirmed the appointments of George F. Williams of Massachusetts, to be minister to Greece, and Brand Whitlock of Ohio, to be minister to Belgium. Nominations were considered at a short executive session in which some opposition to Whitlock developed.

The appointment of Henry M. Pinckney as ambassador to Russia is still before the foreign relations committee and probably will not be considered by the senate until after the Christmas recess.

A large number of appointments were confirmed, including a majority of those sent in by President Wilson since the new session assembled.

MAXIM GIVES ADVICE

Stop Fighting—John Barleycorn and
Build Warships

Stop chewing gum, quit fighting John Barleycorn and use the money thus saved in building battleships was the advice given by Hudson Maxim at a "peace" service held in a New York theatre.

"Americans spend \$30,000,000 yearly for chewing gum and \$2,000,000,000 for intoxicants," declared Maxim. "This is enough to build more than 100 battleships. And the only way to prevent war is to be ready for it."

TO BEGIN LIFE ANEW

James Moriarty, Cleared of Murder,
Goes to Manchester, N. H.

James Moriarty, 26 years old, who was acquitted a few days ago of the charge of having caused the death of Mrs. Caroline Turner, of Lakewood, N. J., will begin life anew in Manchester, N. H. Moriarty will live with his uncle, Joseph Lehan.

Moriarty was formerly clerk of the Amoskeag National bank, but lost his position. He will seek employment here as a stenographer.

CANADIAN POLITICIAN DEAD

John B. Mills Was Thirteen Years a
Member of Parliament

John B. Mills, for thirteen years a member of the Canadian house of commons for Annapolis, N. S., died at a hospital at Providence, R. I., of embolism of the brain.

He was taken ill in London six months ago, when near the end of a trip abroad to the world, accompanied by his wife. Mr. Mills came to Providence to see his brother-in-law, Dr. T. H. Shipman.

MRS. YOUNG AGAIN HEAD OF SCHOOLS

Re-Elected by Chicago Board
After Stormy Session

Mrs. Ella Flagg Young was voted
back into the superintendency of the
Chicago public schools, after a stormy
session of the board of education.

Seven members refused to vote, taking the ground that the board had no power to reconsider the election of John D. Shoop, assistant superintendent, who had been elected Mrs. Young's successor.

Contention also was made that the four new members of the board, named by Mayor Harrison to replace four whose resignations he had enforced, were not entitled to their seats.

The action of the board in removing Shoop and replacing Mrs. Young will at once be challenged in court, it was announced by the opposition.

RESIGNATIONS REQUESTED

Main Board of Hospital Trustees
Are Ousted by Governor

Governor William T. Haines of Maine and council voted unanimously to ask for the resignations of Dr. Henry W. Miller, superintendent of the Augusta state hospital, and all the members of the board of hospital trustees. The resignations of the board are requested to take effect Jan. 10, 1914, and that of Dr. Miller on or before March 1, 1914.

Charges preferred against Dr. Miller of mismanagement and improper treatment of patients in the hospital are not sustained. A statement issued at the end of the meeting says: "These requests are made in the belief that the proper management of said hospital and the best interests of the state demand an entire new management, including a new local board of agreement."

JUDGE SCORES JURY

Verdict of Assault and Battery After
Man Confessed Shooting Boy

Judge Tennant passed sentence on Bernard Fagan, 56, following the return of one of the most remarkable verdicts ever rendered by a jury in a Jersey court.

Fagan confessed to the killing of 8-year-old Joseph Crowley. He told his story from the witness stand, saying he fired at a crowd of boys, fearing a bomb they had started would damage some of his property. The jury found him guilty of assault and battery.

"I never heard such a ridiculous verdict," declared Judge Tennant. "It is a travesty on justice. The jury is discharged and is excused from further service this term."

ASKS FOR PARDON

Money Lender Tolman Promises to
Surrender Notes

An application for the pardon of Daniel H. Tolman, a convicted money-lender, was made to Governor Glynn of New York. Favorable action was urged by the convict's counsel, Charles E. Towne, a former senator, as a Christmas gift to his client.

Tolman was sentenced recently for a term of six months. It was promised in his behalf that in consideration of his pardon Tolman would surrender usurious notes amounting to \$500,000, reserving his right to sue for the amounts due with only the lawful interest added. Governor Glynn said that he had not given the matter much attention.

HURT BY AIR RIFLES

Gloucester Boys Engage in Real Battle
and Two Are Wounded

A miniature war with air rifles resulted in painful wounds to two Gloucester, Mass., boys, and the publishing of a notice by the city marshal that penalties of from \$10 to \$50 will follow should the hardware dealers continue to sell weapons to boys under fifteen years of age.

The wounded youths are Thomas Hooligan of Pine street and Alfred White of Chestnut street. The former just closed his left eyelid in time to prevent a shot from the rifle of John Anderson from destroying the eyeball. Robert Porter, another Gloucester boy, is held accountable for the shot that caused a painful wound in the cheek of White.

Stolen Silver Found Buried

A bundle of silver spoons and knives, a portion of the silverware stolen more than a year ago from the home of M. D. Brackett of St. Johnsbury, Vt., were found buried beneath a foot of turf on the Lorton farm, at Nashua, N. H., by Benjamin Osgood, a farmhand.

GENERAL NEWS EVENTS

Senator Lodge is back in Washington apparently as well as ever. He said: "I have not had a chance to get into close touch with affairs yet, and all I can say is that I am feeling well and am ready to get back to work."

One death from accident for every 100,000 tons of coal mined in six of the coal producing counties of West Virginia in the first eleven months of 1913, was shown in the report of Earl Henry, chief of the bureau of mines.

Amateur Bandits Confessed

John Barker, machine and automobile bandit, confessed, according to the San Francisco police, to the robbery of a Southern Pacific train near in Mendocino, Cal., on Dec. 1, and to the murder of H. B. Montague, passenger agent, who tried to thwart him. Barker also admitted trying to rob a Southern Pacific train near Oakland last month.

CURRENCY BILL IS MADE A LAW

President Wilson Affixes Signature to New Measure

IS "CONSTITUTION OF PEACE"

Executive Uses Four Gold Pens in
Writing Bill into Law, Three of
Which Go to Authors of Act—De-
clares Free and Elastic Credits Are
Assured

President Wilson signed the Glass-Owen currency bill in the presence of members of his cabinet, the congressional committees on banking and currency and Democratic leaders in congress generally.

With a few strokes of the pen, the president converted into law the measure to be known as the federal reserve act, reorganizing the nation's banking and currency system and furnishing, in the words of the president, "the machinery for free, elastic and uncontrolled credits, put at the disposal of the merchants and manufacturers of this country for the first time in fifty years."

Enthusiastic applause ran through the room, not only as the president affixed his signature, but as he delivered an extemporaneous speech characterizing the desire of the administration to take common counsel with the business men of the country and the latter's efforts to meet the government's advances on "the constitution of peace."

The event came at the close of a day of rejoicing in the national capital, for congress had recessed for two weeks for the first time since it convened last April. The Democratic leaders were jubilant because they had completed two big pieces of legislation—the tariff and the currency reform, in nine months—a performance which they considered unprecedented in the history of the country.

Four gold pens were used by the president in writing the bill into law. He wrote the words, "23, December, 1913, approved," with one, and used three pens in writing "Woodrow Wilson," splitting the first name into two syllables. The last three pens he presented to Senator Owen, Representative Glass and Secretary McAdoo, co-authors of the measure. The president answered the curiosity of the crowd as to the disposition of the fourth with the laughing remark, "This is the 40 percent gold reserve." Later it developed that Senator Chilton of West Virginia had sent up a gold pen of his own to be used in writing the date of the law. The president was in a happy humor as he slowly wrote his name.

HAS FORTY PULL AUTO

Nantucket Man Defies Selectmen and
Exclusion Act

Although Clinton S. Folger, who carries the mail and what passengers desire to go from Nantucket, Mass., to Siasconnet, has been found guilty of disobeying the automobile exclusion act once, and will appear in the local court to answer to two more charges of the same nature, he still defies the selectmen and daily makes his trip to "Sconset" in his "buzz wagon."

Much to the amusement of the residents of the island and to the disgust of the selectmen, Folger calmly hitches a horse to his machine and rides without the power in the machine being turned on until he arrives at the seven-mile stretch of state road. Then he unhitches the horse turns on his power and away he goes to "Sconset."

REPORT ON COTTON

Census Bulletin Says Amount Manu-
factured Exceeds Record

Increased manufacture of cotton goods in the United States and a corresponding increase in exports of raw cotton were shown in a census bulletin.

Of 16,225,734 bales in this country Aug. 31 last, 5,826,330 bales, or about 35 percent, were used in the local mills, 54 percent was exported and 10 percent is still held in warehouses, mostly in Massachusetts.

The amount of cotton used in manufacturing exceeds that of last year by 418,747 bales and is the largest in the history of the cotton industry. Exports fell off 1,880,792 bales from 1912, but exceed the figures of any previous year.

STRICKEN ON STREET

Winfield L. Scott Dies Suddenly
of Heart Disease

Winfield L. Scott, 44 years old, who owned a barber shop in Braintree, Mass., died suddenly of heart disease. Scott was walking along Bredman avenue when he collapsed. He was taken to his barber shop, and Dr. C. M. Marzetti was summoned.

When Dr. Marzetti reached the place he found Scott dead. He said death was caused by heart disease. Scott had conducted a barber shop in South Braintree for eighteen years and was well known in that section. He is survived by his wife and two children.

Michael Harris and Bart Stockwell, watchmen at the C. T. Sherer company store at Worcester, Mass., were questioned by the state police and the fire officials in the probe of the fire that destroyed the store annex, causing a loss of \$253,000.

Robert E. Davie, known as the "boy broker," who was serving a prison term of five years for kidnaping funds entrusted to him for investment, has been pardoned by the governor and council of Massachusetts. He had served two and a half years of his sentence.

FLAGMAN KILLED BY STEAM ROLLER

Exhausted by Long Walk Un-
known Italian Is Crushed

Exhausted from walking from Billerica to Lynn, Mass., in front of a steam roller, an unknown Italian employed by Michael McDonough, a Swampscott contractor, fell beneath the forward roller of the machine and was crushed to death.

The machine owned by McDonough was in charge of Engineer Charles Mills of Meredith, N. H., and was being driven to Swampscott.

The man who lost his life walked ahead of the machine with a red flag. As he passed through Market square he was seen to lag and his foot caught beneath the roller.

Before Mills could stop it the roller had passed over his body, flattening him out.

LAY KEEL OF PACIFIC

Fore River Concern Building Two
Liners For Boston-Pacific Route

Workmen at the Fore River shipyards at Quincy, Mass., laid the keel of the Pacific, one of the Quincy concern has the contract with the Emory Steamship company of Boston, and to put on between Boston and the Pacific coast soon after the Panama canal is opened.

The Pacific will be rushed along as fast as a large force of men can do the work, the same as is being done with the Atlantic, the keel for which was set in place Oct. 31. The Atlantic is one-third in frame and plated.

The contract calls for having both steamers ready for service next August, and the Fore River people say that they will be completed before that time.

JOB GOES BEGGING

Expert Needle Woman Wanted to
Mend Tattered Flag at West Point

Uncle Sam has one job that apparently is going begging. The place calls for an expert needle woman to mend tattered and historic flags at West Point military academy. Thus far no one seems to have cared for the position.

The civil service commission recently sent broadcast application blanks for examinations for the vacancy, from which it was hoped a large number of applicants might be secured. Although the position carries a salary of \$3 a day, not a single person has applied for the place. The commission has about reached the conclusion that there is either a scarcity of needle women or the pay is not sufficiently attractive.

FOUR CHILDREN IN YEAR

Unusual Record For Mrs. January
Hart of Allington, Conn.

The giving birth to four children in one year is the unusual record of Mrs. January Hart of Allington, Conn. The two most recent arrivals came Sunday and they and the mother are doing very well. The other pair came Jan. 19 last and were a boy and a girl. Those born last January did not survive many days.

Besides the births of the present year the Hart's have two boys, 3 and 4 years old, and a girl 11 years old.

One-Hundred-Year-Old Mill Burned

The "Old Grist Mill," at Burlington, Vt., built nearly a century ago, was burned. A loss estimated at \$40,000 was caused by fire and water. The plants of the Perfection Flouring company, Perfection Overgatter company and Burlington Traction company were damaged.

RASH ON HANDS

ITCHED AND BURNED

The Amoskeag Manufacturing company at Manchester, N. H., announced to the 16,000 operatives of its cotton mills that the new law limiting employment to 55 hours each week would not bring any reduction in wages. Operation under the new schedule will begin Jan. 2.

My hands began to itch, then the skin got thick and in some places cracked, and other parts water and matter would come out of them. They itched at night so that I would wake up scratching them and could not stop until I would bring the blood. This of course made them a great deal worse. There were pimples on them and when I scratched there would water come out of them and then there was a rash and deep cuts on my hands. They itched and burned so much that I really did not know what I was doing. I could not sleep. Nobody can imagine what I suffered.

I tried everything, but nothing seemed to help me. I decided to send for a sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and they did me so much good I bought a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment. I washed my hands in hot water and Cuticura Soap at night and put the Cuticura Ointment on before going to bed and put an old white stocking on each hand. In two weeks I was completely cured. (Signed) Mrs. Marie Lavoie, Jan. 16, 1913.

A single cake of Cuticura Soap (25c) and box of Cuticura Ointment (50c) are often sufficient when all else has failed. Sold throughout the world. Sample of each mailed free, with 20-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

Men who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.

Fifth St., Leominster, Mass.—"My hands began to itch, then the skin got thick and in some places cracked, and other parts water and matter would come out of them. They itched at night so that I would wake up scratching them and could not stop until I would bring the blood. This of course made them a great deal worse. There were pimples on them and when I scratched there would water come out of them and then there was a rash and deep cuts on my hands. They itched and burned so much that I really did not know what I was doing. I could not sleep. Nobody can imagine what I suffered."

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Men who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.

The Power of Purpose

Yields rich returns to all who use it rightly; and especially
to those whose purpose it is to SAVE. Our savings depart-
ment is helpful to such.

DEPOSITS MADE ON OR BEFORE NOVEMBER 15 DRAW INTEREST FROM NOVEMBER 1.

INDUSTRIAL TRUST CO.

Newport Branch, 303 Thames St.

CHAFING DISHES



With an ALCOHOL Lamp

You must fill the lamp, adjust the
wick, strike a match, and be very
careful not to spill alcohol on the
table top.

With ELECTRICITY

You insert the plug and turn the
switch.
When this is done you can never
call your attention to the lamp.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the
General Electric Co. Ask us about them today

JAY STATE STREET RAILWAY COMPANY

Why not see US about it?

If you are contemplating any work along publicity lines—

Catalogs, Pamphlets, Booklets.

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we are prepared to do it for you and do it well. We have a complete and up-to-date Printing Office. This plant is in charge of expert and experienced men—men who are instructed under no circumstances to produce anything but the best work possible. We work in all processes in which ink and paper are combined. We write and edit copy—We can serve you and serve you well.

Why not see US about it?

We can do any work that can be done in any
Printing Office in the United States.

Mercury Publishing Company.

182 THAMES STREET,
NEWPORT, R. I.

"HUMAN FLY" DYING

Mystery Surrounds Fall of Famous
Steeplejack

Old Czarnowski, a steeplejack, known throughout the country as "The Human Fly," was found dying on the first floor landing of the St. Francis hotel annex, now in process of construction at San Francisco.

His skull was fractured and nearly every bone in his body was broken. Apparently he had a terrible fall, but where he fell from or when no person knew.

Czarnowski was speechless, though half conscious. He had not been employed on the building and no one had seen him enter the annex. The nature of his injuries seemed to preclude the theory of an assault. He had on his climbing clothes.

PICKING RESERVE BANKS

Cabinet Officers Receive Claims
From Many Cities

Active campaigning for federal reserve banks to be established under the new banking and currency system has been begun by a half dozen big cities in different parts of the United States.

Secretaries McAdoo and Houston, the "organization committee" authorized by the new law to choose the reserve cities, considered tentative plans for making up the list of not less than eight and not more than twelve cities to be given federal banks.

Minnesota banks and business houses took up the eagles in behalf of St. Paul and Minneapolis, and bankers in the south are speaking in favor of Atlanta, New Orleans and Dallas. Philadelphia and Baltimore are at odds over one bank. Applications for membership in the reserve system were received from banks in St. Louis, Mo.; Portland, Me.; Rochester, N. Y., and Portsmouth, N. H.

Retort Courteous.

Every one has heard authentic stories of the man who asked another, "Who is that old frump over yonder?" and got the reply, "She is my wife." But the story doesn't go far enough.

Jones observed an old lady sitting across the room.

"For heaven's sake!" he remarked to Robinson. "Who is that extraordinarily ugly woman there?"

"That," answered Robinson, "is my wife."

Jones was taken aback, but moved up front again.

"Well," he said persuasively, "you just ought to see mine!"—New York Post.

A Short Love Story.

In a certain school in New York city the English teacher offered a prize for the best story to be written by a class of little girls. The children, who were just reaching the romantic age, begged to be allowed to have it. "Love Story Competition." With amusement the teacher agreed, and the result was astonishing in many ways, also enlightening. Professional writers have sweat great drops of agony and rambled through 550 pages trying to tell the story of woman's victory over man, which one little girl accomplished in a dozen words:

"She talked until he thought she was good. Then they were married."—Woman's Home Companion.

Inquisitive.

The curate of a large and fashionable church was endeavoring to teach the significance of white to a Sunday school class.

"Why," said he, "does a bride invariably desire to be clothed in white at her marriage?" As no answer, he explained. "White," said he, "stands for joy, and the wedding day is the most joyous occasion of a woman's life."

A small boy queried, "Why do the men all wear black?"—Argonaut.

"I have a regular old family knocker on my front door." "We've got one inside."—Baltimore American.

The Joys of Two Old Men

It was New Year's morning, and the bells that had welcomed in the new year burst forth into spasmodic clanging every now and then. To John Peters, Christmas and New Year's had always been a problem. He was a lonely man and had been alone in the world, fighting, too, for sixty years. His name was great in the financial world. He had no relatives. All had died years ago. For John Peters it was work, work, work, all the time, with many hours of study.

This New Year's morning Peters was far away from his English home. Business had brought him to America, and his problem for celebrating seemed knottier than ever. He left his hotel, tipping the chambermaid and bell-boy before he reached the street. He hailed a cab and told the driver he wanted to be taken to the home for released convicts.

The matron at the home received the visitor at the door with surprise. "Good morning, madam," said he. "Happy New Year's to you. I want to hire one of the oldest men you have in this institution."

The matron looked surprised as she ushered the visitor into the long reception room. "I don't think we could allow you to hire any one today, sir. It is New Year's, you know, and as we make a little extra comfort for them on a day like this we wouldn't like to have any one absent from the table."

"The work is not hard, and it will include a New Year's dinner better than you can turn out here," replied Peters, "and when I have explained it to you I'm sure you will have no difficulty in finding a man ready and willing to accompany me."

He sat down and for ten minutes talked low and earnestly to the matron. Presently she smiled and caught the eager spirit with which the old gentleman was explaining his plan.

When he had finished she grasped his hand. "That is lovely. I never



HE TRIED TO SPEAK, BUT WAS UNABLE TO DO SO.

heard of such a thing before. I know just the man you want." She rang a bell, and soon Filbert appeared at the door. He was a venerable looking man, with a fine, aristocratic face. In fact, he was distinguished looking.

"Did you send for me, Mrs. Pyle?" he asked. "I was just getting ready for dinner."

"Yes, Filbert. This gentleman is Mr. John Peters, and he is looking for some one to work for him until 12 o'clock tonight. Are you willing?"

The little man looked worried. "Well, ma'am, I'm nearly seventy years old and wouldn't be much good shoring up snow, and as this is New Year's day I—" He paused and looked appealingly at Peters.

"You won't have to shovel snow, Mr. Filbert," said Peters hastily, "and if you'll just sit down for a few moments I'll explain just what I want you to do, and I know you'll be willing to come with me."

"Filbert has been with us nearly a year now," said the matron. "He came to us from Iowa, where he was serving a long term."

"Fifteen years, sir," interrupted Filbert, "for counterfeiting. I was an engraver, sir, and fell in with a bad lot. Poverty forced me to it. I was guilty, and they sent me up for fifteen years."

"Are you alone in the world?" asked Peters.

"All alone, sir. Fifteen years is a long time, sir, and friends don't last that long."

"Sit down then. I want to tell you exactly what I mean to do."

The matron left the room. Peters told his story to Filbert, and soon the two were hurrying away in the cab.

"To the best clothing store in town," he told the driver.

At noon the cab rolled up in front of Peters' hotel, and the two entered.

"Who is that old party dining with Peters this afternoon?" asked one of the loungers in the hotel.

"Don't know," responded another. "Looks like some old professor, doesn't he?"

"Too well dressed. Probably some old banker from the other side. Distinguished looking old chap, isn't he?"

The two old gentlemen slipped their wine and ate their dinner without noticing the attention they were attracting.

Then they went in by a back fire and

smoked their cigars. Many New Year days were passing in review before Filbert. They rose up slowly like the wreaths of smoke—New Year's in the gutter, cold, thin, and hungry; New Year's in hotels, surrounded by vice and crime; New Year's at home, his own home built by honest toil, surrounded by his wife and little ones, dear, dead faces peering through the mists of time; New Year's in prison, aye, many of them.

At last the clock struck 12. "Your day's work is over, my dear Filbert," said Peters, holding out his hand. "I want to thank you for making this the happiest New Year's day I ever passed." The other took the extended hand. He tried to speak, but was unable to do so. Tears dimmed his blue eyes, stole down the wrinkled cheeks and fell unnoticed upon the white shirt. Slowly they made their way toward the hall, where the boy assisted them into their overcoats.

As they stood on the steps of the clubhouse Filbert attempted to speak, but Peters interrupted him with: "There; don't say anything. I know all you would say. I need some one for just such days as this, and after you have arranged with the matron I want you to come to my hotel, say, at 10 o'clock tomorrow morning. I never spent a happier New Year's day in my life, and every year as long as God spares me we will spend the day together just as we have done today. Good night."

America's New Year Message

FOR several years Uncle Sam has had the pleasant habit of sending New Year greetings not only to all parts of his own domain, but to the capitals of the leading nations of the world. The message is flashed out at exactly midnight, Washington time, and requires about ten seconds to go around the earth, since it has to be relayed several times.

The scheme for simultaneously greeting the peoples of all lands and climes is an invention of the officials at Washington, and in practice the electric greeting must, of course, set out from the naval observatory, which is the only time factory on our continent.

The message travels over 1,180,000 miles of wire and cable ere it returns. In the space of one sixth of a minute, to Miss Columbia's seat of government. Of this achievement in globe trotting a distance of more than 350,000 miles, or nearly one-third of the journey, is traveled in the United States. To explain an apparent discrepancy it may be pointed out that, whereas the United States is only about 3,000 miles in width, it must be remembered that it is traversed by a perfect network of telegraph wires, and in the aggregate these represent the total given. Whereas ten seconds are required for encircling the globe, only about one-fifth of a second is needed to carry the time signal to every point in the United States where there is a telegraph station.

After traversing our own continent it jumps across the Pacific to Uncle Sam's new possessions, and in the far east, owing to the fact that in the middle of the ocean the signal crosses the international date line, where each new year is born, it arrives in Manila on the afternoon of New Year's day and to find our soldiers and sailors and the other Americans in the Philippines just finishing their New Year's dinner. Continuing on its flight it crosses Asia and Europe and thence traverses the Atlantic back to its starting point.

Although it takes such a short time to make its journey, the New Year greeting from Uncle Sam does not merely make a bee line around the globe. Instead it makes long "side trips" up and down the coast of Asia, digresses into India, shoots off to republics in South America and apprises them that their big brother of the north has not forgotten them; runs down to Egypt and South Africa to say "Howdy!" The signal reaches some parts of the world at unusual hours, as, for instance, its happening into Rome at 9 o'clock in the morning and at London an hour earlier, but at every foreign capital the arrival of the American message is acknowledged by the dropping of the time ball, the dipping of a flag, the booming of cannon or some other compliment to Uncle Sam.

The times at which Uncle Sam's New Year greeting is received in various parts of the world are shown by the following table:

Washington	12:00:10 a. m. New Year's day
Chicago	11:59:50 a. m. New Year's eve
Denver	11:59:30 a. m. New Year's eve
San Francisco	11:59:10 a. m. New Year's eve
Honolulu	11:58:50 a. m. New Year's eve
Midway Island	11:58:30 a. m. New Year's eve
Guam	11:58:10 a. m. New Year's day
Manila	11:57:50 a. m. New Year's day
Calcutta	11:57:30 a. m. New Year's day
Bombay	11:57:10 a. m. New Year's day
Mauritius	11:56:50 a. m. New Year's day
Aden, Arabia	11:56:30 a. m. New Year's day
Alexandria	11:56:10 a. m. New Year's day
Rome	11:55:50 a. m. New Year's day
London	11:55:30 a. m. New Year's day
Canary Islands	11:55:10 a. m. New Year's day
Eastern Brazil	11:54:50 a. m. New Year's day
Guiana	11:54:30 a. m. New Year's day
South America	11:54:10 a. m. New Year's day
Washington	12:00:10 a. m. New Year's day

Not His Place to Laugh.

Hickory Wood, the pantomime writer, used to tell an amusing story of a theatrical washstand who once shared his box at a provincial pantomime. When the principal comedian entered and did his best the manager, with a scowl on his brow, leaned over to Mr. Wood and remarked, "I want to engage that man for next Christmas in my production."

"Do you think he is funny?" Mr. Wood asked.

"Screamingly funny," returned the manager.

"Then why don't you laugh?" asked Mr. Wood.

"Laugh when he's got his eyes on me?" replied the manager. "And every smile means that he'll ask another fiver a week."—London Telegraph.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!



New Year's Day at the White House

THIS year will mark President Wilson's first New Year reception. All colors, all races and all creeds gather under the roof of the White House on Jan. 1 and are accorded the courtesies and privileges that are extended to the most select in the land. The diplomatic corps, headed by its dean, the supreme court, the members of the senate and house, the army and the navy, all attend the New Year reception in a body. The Marine band, divided into two sections, plays popular compositions throughout the entire reception.

During the hours when the public is passing through the line, says the National Monthly, the utmost precautions are taken to guard the life of the president. Behind the president is a secret service guard, and directly in front is another. The duty of the latter officer is not to allow anybody to stop to talk with the president.

The instant the visitor's name is pronounced by the president's aid and is repeated, with a handshake by the president, if the caller does not immediately move on the guard standing opposite the president reminds him with a gentle touch, or, if necessary, a firm grip on the arm, to pass along the line and into the next room.

Throughout the corridors and reception rooms secret service men are stationed, and it is only those who frequent the White House who are able to recognize the government detectives. Many suspected persons are turned away from the house at every function given by the president.

KEEPING RESOLUTIONS.

To make a resolution and keep it is hard. But to make one and break it is demoralizing. It is easier to keep a resolution if it is made a few days before putting into effect. Every nerve of the body seems to brace itself for the abstinence. To break off an objectionable habit without any preparation is a mistake. Denial may be easy for a few hours, but the grip almost invariably returns.

AS DIES THE YEAR.

The old year knocks at the farmhouse door. October, come with your merriment. From the fruit you are storing for winter days. And prop him up on the granary floor. Where the straw lies thrashed and the corn stands heaped. Let him eat of the bread he reaped. He is feeble and faint and can work no more.

Weaker he waneeth and weaker yet. November, shower your harvest down. Chestnut and nut and acorn brown. For you he labored, so pay the debt. Make him a pallet—he cannot speak—And a pillow of moss for his pale, pinched cheek.

He is numb to touch; he is deaf to call. December, hither with muffled tread And gaze on the year, for the year is dead. And over him lay a wan white pall. Take down the mattress and ply the spade. And deep in the clay let his clay be laid And snowflakes fall at his funeral.

Thus may I die, since it must be. My wage well earned and my workdays done. And the seasons following one by one. To the slow, sweet end that the wise foresee. Fed from the store of my ripened sheaves. Laid to rest on my fallen leaves And with snow white souls to weep for me. —Alfred Austin.

"Again the silent
Wheels of Time
their annual round
have driven."

**With Hearty
Greetings
and Sincere
Good Wishes
for your Happiness
and Prosperity
during all the
New Year**

When you go to a restaurant don't forget to order oysters. Finding pearls of great price in oysters is awfully common this year.

The Suez canal is nothing but a level salt water ditch, while the Panama canal is a fresh water bridge for ships from ocean to ocean.

It is not enough to say our prison system is all wrong. The need is a plan of constant improvement, and the best improvement that can come about it for more persons to stay out of them.

To Mexico once a guy went With a note to the great president. He arrived a week late. And he found that the state Was now run by a different gent. —Philadelphia Press.

New Year's In France

NEW YEAR'S is celebrated to a greater extent in France than in any other country. Closely following the Christmas festivities, the celebration for the opening of the New Year vies with the earlier holiday events. Everywhere in the republic the festivities take place, and among the places where it is the most enjoyed is in the kitchens of the homes. The average housemaid of France works for a very small salary. But she is an apt and willing servant, for she looks forward from one New Year's day to another, as then she reaps the reward for her work. It is the custom in France to make presents to all the servants at the opening of each year. This present is nearly always in cash, and it may be \$5 or \$200, depending upon the financial condition of the employer.

With such a custom in vogue there is very little trouble with servants in that country. They rarely quit their positions; they strive to please their employers and at all times look forward to the New Year. All the servants are allowed certain amounts. The janitor gets his share, and no one is forgotten.

In France the housewife does very little of the marketing. It is left to the servants. Then the servants do the bargaining. If potatoes are 10 cents per pound and the girl can get them from some marketwoman for 8 cents she reasons that the mistress should not profit by the bargaining, but that she herself should have the difference. The regular price of the potatoes being 10 cents, the servant marks them down in her book at that price and pockets the difference. This is one of the peculiarities of the French method of keeping house, and it has been found a real aid in keeping servants.

The housewives are aware of what is taking place, but they are satisfied to pay the regular market prices. It is the bargaining of the servants which gets them an extra allowance, but as long as the tables are up to the standard the housewife does not complain.

Then the servant who does the marketing expects New Year's gifts from other sources. There is no special reason why she should purchase her food-stuffs at a certain market booth. But it will be noticed that she often does that very thing. When New Year's day rolls around the owner of the market booth is supposed to make her a nice present, and the present is appreciated most if it is in cash. It really must be in cash.

Then there are the ice man, the coalman, the milkman. All of these are supposed to remember the servant girl when the new year begins. In this manner the average servant, if she is keen witted, and the most of them are—makes a snug little addition to her regular wages.

The servants very often work for only enough to clothe themselves. They must depend on what they can make by bargaining and by receiving New Year's gifts, and these "gifts" the girls usually place in a bank at interest, thus building up their dowries for their future marriages, when they may even marry the ice man, the milkman or the coalman.

There are some points about the French method of holding servants which are extremely satisfactory when compared to the American plan, but there are others not quite so pleasing. The girl may become so engrossed in her bargaining, as is often the case, that she disregards the table of her mistress. She may arrange to procure the edibles of a very low price, pocketing the difference from the market price, and the foodstuffs may not be so palatable. But if she is content with small amounts, her bargainings will never be noticed.

The American servant is paid a stipulated salary, enough for her to live upon, and the bargaining is eliminated. This takes away one of the objectionable points, and the table is usually up to the standard regardless of whether the housewife or the servant does the marketing. But the French plan certainly does hold the servants from one year to another, for there is always the prospect of the New Year's present.—New York Post.

In the Days Gone By.



Resolved.
I quite the customary way I started out last New Year's day; Being in penitential mood, I quite determined to be good. Henceforth, although the world enticed, I would be deaf to its advice; Live like a holy hermit, bent To taste the bliss of sweet content; Feed upon pulse, my daily wear A wren's shirt of briar hair. This resolution I had kept If only on it I had slept. I did my best—but goodness knows, Half shreds do not induce repose! My wish to be an anchorite Faded somehow to outlast the night. No matter! Now I'll make amends! This year I will reform—my friends. —New York Sun.

If a man is going to make a new about every crazy new fashion he will have a life job.

Mexico has a republican form of government, with the emphasis placed heavily on "form."

It is not by attending to our friends in our way, but in theirs, that we can really avail them.—Margaret Fuller.

NEW ZEALAND IS FIRST TO CELEBRATE

1914 Will Arrive There Hours Before It Reaches U. S.

THE birth of a new year, as we are all aware, is variously celebrated, but how many people know the manner in which that momentous date is set? Do you know that the new year is really hours old before the bulk of the civilized world is able to celebrate it?

Priority in celebrating the event is actually given to the untutored inhabitants of the islands of the south Pacific. The first of the civilized world that will greet 1914 will be the people of faraway New Zealand. Sweeping westward, the change of date crosses Asia and then the old world of Europe and Africa before starting over the Atlantic to America. Onward it speeds at the rate of a thousand miles an hour until the first day of the new year dies away in the middle of the Pacific.

In the United States the idea of announcing broadcast over the land the birth of the new year originated with the officers in charge of the Naval observatory in Washington. Ten years ago it was suggested that the telegraph companies dispatch at midnight from Washington a series of signals proclaiming the exact moment of the new year's beginning. The idea was taken up, and signals were sent out at midnight and at 1, 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning following in order that each great time division of the United States should receive its own appropriate midnight signal from the nation's capital.

Since the beginning of this service other telegraph and most of the cable companies have lent their co-operation, and signals are now sent covering both North and South America, all our colonial possessions, Australia, Japan and the principal nations of Europe. Some idea of the speed with which these New Year greetings are flashed from Washington to distant points can be gathered from the fact that it takes less than four-tenths of a second to reach the Manila observatory, five-tenths of a second to reach Lick observatory, California; 2.25 seconds to cover the distance between Washington and the coast survey station in Alaska (this includes relaying); and four seconds to let the Wellington observatory in New Zealand know that the new year has reached us after the celebration there has been hours old and folks are in bed.

PRETTY WATCH PARTY.

Suggestions For Naval Entertainment For New Year's Eve.

In order to give an appropriate party on New Year's day send out invitations for a "watch night" party or "reminiscence" party. If you can sketch draw an hourglass, a Father Time or a clock face with the hands at midnight or the last leaf on the calendar with Dec. 31 done in script. Ask each one to tell of the happiest day in the year that is past and in what month it happened. You may play cards, dance or "reminiscence," just as suits you best.

Have a cake with twelve candles, surrounded by a wreath of holly and mistletoe and the favors symbolic of the year's special days—for instance, a calendar for January, a Cupid or heart for February, a kite for March, a tiny umbrella for April, a posy or bouquet or artificial flowers or a wee May pole or May, a doll bride or a basket of roses for June, a firecracker for July, a golf set or picnic basket for August, a bunch of grapes or a tiny wash tub for September, the latter signifying Labor day. Represent October with a wee jack lantern cut from an orange, a pumpkin or football for November, or a turkey, and for December a miniature Christmas tree. These articles could be procured in duplicate and be used to find partners, or they may be placed in a Jack Horner pie made to represent the face of a clock, red ribbons going to each plate.

Fortune nuts may be made by taking perfect English walnuts and removing the meats, inserting a narrow strip of paper bearing a pleasant prophecy for the coming season and then gluing the shells closely together. These may be gifted and passed at the table. A wise hostess who knows her guests well will be clever in making these forecasts just right.

FATHER TIME AT NEW YEAR'S PARTY.

A long time ago it used to be the custom to open the door a few minutes before midnight to allow the old year to make his exit and the new year his entrance. If you wish to add a dramatic touch to your party on New Year's eve have some one impersonate Father Time, keep it secret and have him enter and shake hands regretfully with each one. He must wear a long white beard, carry a scythe and hourglass and have on black satia breeches, silk hose and slippers—in fact, a Revolutionary costume is good to copy. As the hour strikes he waves a solemn farewell, and as the stroke finishes the white and gold glad new year enters, with garlands and favors for each, which are smilingly bestowed amid the cries of "Happy New Year!" All will circle round, singing "Auld Lang Syne."

Our Coal Deposits.
The known coal areas of the United States cover 310,000 square miles, and there are 100,000 square miles believed to be underlaid with marketable coal.

The pleasure we best enjoy is that we have divided with others.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

LIVES BY HER WITS.

Only its Sense of Humor Saved This Hen From Decapitation.

For some time, writes "Suburbanite" in the Glasgow News, one of my hens has been indulging itself in a practice that but for the little joke involved would have ended in its decapitation. It is one of a pen of eight egg machines, or seven, rather, for its egg producing mechanism is considerably out of order, its best average being about one in the fortnight. Yet until recently that hen was scheduled on my book as the premier layer. That happened in this way:

Every morning when I made my appearance in the garden (the hen) would be found chucking beside one of the eggs with all the force of its raucous throat.

If any of its sisters laid claim to the property there would be a wild flutter, and the audacious bird would continue her boasting when she had cleared her bill of feathers.

Some time ago, I discovered her in the act of taking up her stand over the production of another hen, and a careful watch thereafter disclosed her true capabilities. A sense of humor is undoubtedly one of them, and this is being regarded as a saving grace, for I have decided to allow her to continue living by her wits.

PERSIA'S POET LAUREATE.

His Job, When He Had One, Was Anything but a Sinecure.

Persia is the only country besides England where a poet laureate has been officially maintained until recently.

Shah Muzaffer el Din in 1896 abolished the post of honor, which the court of Teheran for centuries had boasted. But the duties of the laureate of old Iran were far more onerous than those of his British confrere. Court etiquette demanded that whenever the "king of kings" traveled his entourage had to include a dwarf, a giant, a jester, a historiographer and a poet laureate.

The last two were kept busy, for, while the historiographer had to record for posterity all the doings and sayings of the shah (padishah), the laureate was called upon to celebrate a large proportion of these in verse. This custom was not so bad after all, and it was rigidly observed and followed up, for the shah, knowing that many of his deeds and utterances would be crystallized into an ode, on his imperial wandering felt bound to speak and to behave majestically, a thing that Muzaffer el Din, who abolished the laureateship, never did. —Philadelphia Ledger.

An Uncomplimentary Composer.

A young tenor, whose misfortune it was to be hideously ugly, waited on Oberlin one day and asked to be allowed to give a specimen of his vocal powers. For a wonder his application was met by a sulky nod of acquiescence. He sang, and sang superbly. There came another nod, accompanied by something like a snort of satisfaction. Then came a pause, which, after a minute or so, was broken by the youthful artist asking in faltering accents whether he might eventually hope for an engagement at the grand opera. "No!" thundered the director. "But, M. Cherubini!" "No!" The disconsolate artist was slowly departing when Cherubini rose, took him by both arms and looked him fully in the face. "I am sorry," he said, "very sorry, but, mon cher, do you think that the opera could get up a company of orang outangs to sing with you?" —Sala's "Life and Adventures."

Worth the Penalty.

John, four years old, was trying to run the lawn mower, which he had been forbidden to touch.

His mother came to the door and told him to stop it, but John ran the mower down the strip of lawn and back again before he stopped.

"You will have to come into the house and stay for an hour," said his mother.

"Why did you run that mower after I told you to stop?" she asked.

"Well, mamma," said John, "I'd rather have run it twice and have to stay in the house for an hour than not run it at all." —National Monthly.

Political Birds.

Wife (reading)—Isn't this funny, my dear? Here is an article which says they have found a new species of birds in Australia which have four legs. Now, whatever do you suppose they want four legs for?

Husband (frowning)—They are probably politicians, my love, and by this beautiful contrivance they are enabled to stand on both sides of the fence at the same time. —London Mail.

Not Like His Grandfather.

"Doctor, I'm getting tired of this everlasting dunning. You ought to have more respect for me than that. My grandfather was one of the earliest settlers."

"Well, I wish you had inherited that quality and would settle early." —Philadelphia Ledger.

Aerial Note.

The Cynic—If he falls, my dear, you're not to scream or faint, because it's just what we all came to see. The Lady—But I thought he was going to take up a passenger. —Life.

Hyde Park's Marble Arch.

The marble arch of the north side of Hyde park, London, designed originally by King George IV, to be an entrance to Buckingham palace, cost £80,000.

Good Guess.

"Don't you know," said the good man, "that it's just as easy to look pleasant as to go around with a pained expression? The smile doesn't make any greater demand on the facial muscles than the frown does."

"Aw, go on! Your shoes ain't pinching your feet."

HE WAS A SOLDIER.

And His Loss by Paul I., the Great.

In Walezewski's 1, the half mad son of the Great, occurs the following illustration of the war disorganization of the Russian army. It is a report on military affairs to the Emperor Paul, the son of the Russian war hero, who was carried off to another.

The emperor a proper name, and, moreover, he gave orders that should be promoted to lieutenant. He saw an embarrassment (and the faces of the staff, who to explain his error, he promoted the lieutenant day before to the rank and some days later to the demand that the officer presented to him at once as consternation every office were turned up search of the imaginary K.

A subaltern officer something like it was of the regiments' quarters. He was sent for, in impatient, and in the end, he was told that Kij had been suddenly by a stroke.

"That is a pity," he said. "He was a good."

THE NAMIR.

It Has a Wider Than Is General.

The New Life, organ of "the most adventures of its readers the following notes on the name 'Ar'.

The name is not Arthur, but Ar-Tau-r.

The "A" is pronounced in an accented manner.

The "R" should be pronounced like "R."

"It" signifies the second part of the name "Ar" or "Tor."

Artau or Arthorhammon and is shown R. It means the head of a, i. e., the head of the lance.

The Tharus or the east is similar to the names of Ireland and Scotland.

They were the deities of the past who rightly in the way of their faith.

With the uprightness of their social power Celtic peoples.

The word Tory in modern politics has come from the word Tory, meaning to Arthur, "the party or people of Arthur."

Portugal's Word.

The climate of the most wonderful in English of crowd of scores of us annually to the Ryley part of Europe in order to suppose maximum of often to be deceived by and with the cruel misty.

At Lisbon, on the cold weather as under the latterly unknown, nature is not only higher than the River, but is equal to almost defies belief, beans in practical effect is the fact that in March English lady on board stayed six weeks at Mont Alisbon, and had bath every day in February. Reason exceptionally warm.

The Pundit.

A very distinguished of science had the professor Brander Matthews (New York Magazine) of Indian episodes and pretensions of his own experience.

On one occasion, upon a marvelous yarn, of the center of the coil, and looked him in the eye.

"Clifford, do you think this really occurred here upon the imagination?"

replied, with a twinkling, "Yes—it just occurred."

Severe.

"Does your husband kindly?" asked the lady. "Certainly not," said the woman.

"Then why do you marry him?"

"I don't actually want to marry him, but I want to see if I can judge by the way he makes himself for me or not." —Washington.

Crushed.

"Miss Gladys, can you inquire the prospectant?"

"I can," she answered, but the young man I am sure me that I won't in this City Journal.

He Was Hurt.

Bill Wayback (after all of fare with interest) he all wots on 'ere an' said: —Sydney Bulletin.

What He Was.

"Is this a secondhand?" "Yes, sir."

"Well, I want one for Smart Set."

Let every man mind.

ness and endeavor to be made. —Thoreau.

"Rasselas,"

the only by Samuel Johnson, was him in the brief space in order to realize enough to meet the expenses of his mother's funeral.

Children.

FOR FLETCHER'S

CASTOR

A True Sea-Dog.

A SKIPPER'S TALE.

BY J. J. DOUGLASS.

Capt. Neilson, of the S. S. Poronia, reports that his Newfoundland dog saved him from crashing into a fishing fleet off Nantucket in a dense fog lately. For 48 hours during the fog—Prince was with the Captain on the bridge; and, though the lookouts gave no warning, he called attention to the fleet in time to prevent disaster. He is an expert at the business. —(Boston, July 10, 1912.)

"Old Prince injured my chimney mate, as we called the second so free. His papers showed a clean 'first-rate' and he loved the salt, salt sea."

"When six months old he signed as 'Mate' Young, rather young, you say? Though young, his papers were quite straight. His watch—by night, all day."

"Twelve hours by day, twelve hours by night? 'Hut, hut, low can that be? 'His clocked one eye, and kept one tight—So shifted watch, you see!"

"For months he kept the bridge he trod; Knew every cove and head; Seized twice a year put foot on sod—Kept dog watch, sailors said."

"Nor tasters were but fun for him: He knew the rocks and bars. He was not a seaman by a far; When clear, by sun and stars."

"When, ne'er a gill, but fog, just fog, He managed very well; For, proved better a true sea-dog—He cleared by sense of smell."

"Now, skipper dear, your race we know. Come, leave the dog to me. Sometimes you draw a long, long bow, But rarely tell a lie."

"My beard's dear, no lie I tell; I know what I say. My mate, last night, by sense of smell saved vast calamity!"

"'Twas just off Nantucket, late; Fog lay just on sea-poor thick; So dense and hard—late off you ramble—I think 'I would crack a brick."

"We tooted some—then tooted more; It didn't clear a little. Sea-glass I tried; It wouldn't bore. One foot—just about our light!"

"And there we were, in case as glum As ocean-cave, and dark; My mate began to bristle some—Then spoke—like bark."

"Something awoke! He rumped and howled: His eye would not stay; I thought sometimes he really growled—Slowed down to steering-way."

"His voice was thick; and not just like The voice of man or boy; He grunted much as rusty spike; He tried to shout 'Abey!'"

"Great gun! We're on a dead calm fleet—Of fumes—smacks in fog! Our lookouts dumb; we well might meet A crash—but for that dog."

"Neilson's my name; his, Prince, you know Of pure Newfoundland breed—Of feeling more than what is so Let skipper take heed."

Depopulated New England.

It is simply astonishing to study census figures for the back-country places of New England. These towns once supported hundreds of farmers, where now only scores live in them. The Civil War, or even the War of 1812, in some cases, was their high-water mark in population. We are apt to think of this country as constantly growing; but there are 12 entire counties in New England which, 70 years ago, supported in comfort a large population than now dwells within their borders. These counties are all rural, with few factories. Oxford County, Me., whose county seat is South Paris, lost 2055 inhabitants from 1840 to 1910, though since traversed by two railroads and now the seat of large manufacturers, at Rumford Falls and elsewhere. Franklin County, Me., whose shire town is Farmington, lost 1631 residents in the 70-year period.

These counties have lovely scenery, including as they do the foothills of the White Mountain and the Rangeley Lakes. While they were decreasing in population the State as a whole rose from 501,796 to 742,371. The towns of Southwest Harbor and Mt. Desert combined had only 568 population more in 1910 than Mt. Desert had in 1840. Mt. Desert and Eden (which contains Bar Harbor) produced in 1847 674 bushels of good wheat. The annual report of the Department of Agriculture for 1911 gives the wheat product of all New England as 91,000 bushels.

New Hampshire in 1840 had 233,951 people and had grown in 1910 to 430,572. However, Carroll County, whose county seat is Ossipee, dropped 3606 inhabitants; Sullivan County, shire town Newport, fell off 981, while Newport itself gained 1607 and Claremont 4308 people; Grafton, county seat, Woodsville, lost 568, while Lebanon, in that county, grew from 1754 to 6718 and Littleton from 1778 to 3059. Of towns in the Penicumbassett River Valley, Water-ville dropped from 1119 to 16 persons, Thornton from 1045 to 543. Ellsworth from 300 to 46. Campton from 1513 to 845, Franconia from 823 to 591, Holderness from 1528 to 652, Bridgewater from 747 to 187, Hill 990 to 558, Sanborn from 2745 to 850 and New Hampton from 1812 to 821.

In typical farming towns of Sullivan County Acworth dropped from 1450 in 1840 to 336 in 1910, Charlestown from 1720 to 1496, Cornish from 1726 to 1005, Corrodon from 956 to 324, Goshen from 779 to 329, Grantham from 1034 to 286, Langdon from 615 to 310, Lemster from 941 to 333, Plainfield 1552 to 987, Springfield 1252 to 422, Unity 1218 to 504 and Washington 1103 to 360. This county's towns vary in distance from Boston from 100 to 125 miles. In 1827 it had 72,075 sheep, or about 135 to the square mile, or four to every human being.

These Connecticut River Valley towns in New Hampshire have shown heavy losses since 1840; Dalton, Bath, Piermont, Oxford, Lyme, Hanover (from 2913 to 1340), Plainfield, Cornish, Charlestown, Langdon, Westmoreland and Chesterfield. Crossing into Massachusetts, Worthfield and Whately, Valley towns, show losses. Tyngsboro, Constable and Salisbury, in the Merrimack Valley, have fewer people than in 1840, while New Hampshire Merrimack Valley towns showing losses include Merrimack, Litchfield, Bedford, Bow, Boscawen, Canterbury and Salisbury.

While Vermont as a whole grew from 291,848 to 355,956, Windham County (county seat, Newfane) fell off from 27,431 to 25,932; Windsor (Woodstock), from 40,359 to 33,681; Addison (Middlebury), from 23,569 to 20,010; Orange (Chelsea), from 27,873 to 18,703, and Grand Isle (North Hero), from 3383 to 3761. Counties gaining less than 5000 persons since the "threescore years and ten" included Bennington, Caledonia, Lamoille and Essex.

The State has only twice the population now that it had 100 years ago. Its rural population bears a constantly decreasing ratio to the total moreover. The smallest town, Somerset, with 27 inhabitants, had 262 in 1840.

While Massachusetts as a whole nearly quintupled in population, from 237,495 in 1840 to 3,366,416, Barnstable County (Cape Cod) dropped from 32,240

to 27,542. Dukes (Martha's Vineyard, etc.) gained 546 only, and Nantucket dropped from 9051 to 2062. While the decline of the whole fishery's importance is the chief cause of drop, in 1840 the county held about 7000 sheep and 600 cows and other cattle, and in 1910 it supported 3000 Indians.

Though Rhode Island and Connecticut show no counties with an actual loss in the 70 year period, the States having gained 400, percent respectively, the farming counties show only moderate gains. The smallest town in Rhode Island, West Greenwich, with 481 inhabitants, had 1818 people in 1830 and 1416 in 1840.

In Connecticut, the town of Warren has had fewer people at every census since 1800. It now has 412, as against 873 in 1840. The smallest town in the State, Prospect, dropped from 651 inhabitants in 1810 to 548 in 1840 and 662 in 1900. In 1910 it cast 67 votes. Marlboro, Conn., fell from 713 to 322 in 1900; Salem, Conn., from 809 to 463 in 1900.

Men lived in a hundred county places in much larger numbers in the past than now. When the homestead land of the United States and Canada is entirely taken up, which will be in a few years, the tide must "back up" and fill once more these semi-abandoned farm lands.

Adventures For Hire.

[From the New York Sun.]

Want to hire a king for a day? New York has your man. Adventure has been commercialized. Right here there are soldiers of fortune for hire.

In this city are hundreds of daredevils who, harkening to the call of the wild and chafing under the restraint of civilization, advertise weekly for action and red-blood work. "Action, action, give us a man's-size job and action!" is their cry.

No amateurs these, but veterans who make a business of adventure. Poverty, wanderlust, high spirits, lurid pasts, courage, vagabondage, adaptability, endurance and recklessness are things they know. They are ready for anything from pitch and toss to man hunting.

The business of adventure has been classified and commercialized. Do you wish to seek for gold in dangerous places, or pursue power by means of revolution? Do you desire to tone down the glorious fever in your blood in the pursuit of danger by flood and field? If so you will need the assistance of the "disciples of the wanderlust."

You can find them at once. They are now on tap, tabulated, classified and tagged. In other words there is a directory of adventurers which in many respects is an interesting document. That directory is to be found in a magazine devoted to stories of adventure and therein are the names, addresses, qualifications and terms of men who are willing to go anywhere at the drop of the hat. Here is one:

How many men in the United States would like to take part in the greatest adventure of history? Applicants must be able-bodied without any history of entanglement with shady adventures. They must meet at some point which will be designated to them. Each man must be provided with at least \$50 in gold and all must be willing to obey orders and ask no questions. No man will be asked to violate any law of the United States or to do any dishonorable thing. The service contemplated is risky.

Young blood cries out in the following advertisement and it is ready to take a chance at anything:

Wish to join an expedition in search of lost treasure or for prospecting, a revolution—preferably in the Latin American countries, of the French Foreign Legion. Am 21; height 6 feet, weight 154 pounds, good physical condition except I lost my hearing about five years ago. Can read the lips to a slight extent. Can't put any money into an expedition and yet want to get into something that has a chance of my making some money. Am ready to take my chances on anything that fulfills these requirements.

A man "who can keep a closed mouth" says:

Australian wants employment. Willing to go anywhere. Prospected in West Australia from Hannans to Hall's Creek—through the Territory into Queensland—New Guinea. Served through the Boer war with Imperial Bushmen. Drove cattle from the gulf country into N. S. W. Worked in the stake hole on ocean liners. Electricians (Mains superintendent for four years). A good shot. Can ride, swim and keep a closed mouth.

In the following is a hint of romance, adventure to the limit and much gold.

Any of your readers willing to go with me about the first of the year in search of the place known as "El Gran Tinaja," a rich placer gold mine in the Peten country of northern Guatemala? Have concise data on the location and am confident that I will at least get within striking distance of the Lacandon. Indian's secret source of gold. It will be no picnic, as the Guatemalan and Yucatan Governments have not succeeded in pacifying the Lacandons or Mayas as yet. I would like two fellows who are not particular as to how much quinine they may consume.

In the following there is a world of possibilities. In them you may find the man you want:

Want to join any expedition requiring a machine gun operator or wireless operator or wireless operator. Originally native of South Africa, Boer descent, but now Americanized. Have been all up and down the Congo River, as well as the Zambesi River and all through British Central Africa. Was on filibustering expeditions down along the South American continent, been through the Mexican campaign against Diaz, at Casas Grandes and Juarez. Ready on moment's notice.

I am 21 years old, 6 feet tall and weigh 190. Have run a transit in Colorado, been foreman on a construction gang on an irrigation project in the same State, a farmer, fired on a mountain railroad and for the past year a salesman. Good rifle shot and have camped and hunted over half of Colorado. Good education and am of Scotch-Irish descent. Looking for something needing a little red blood. Don't care particularly where I go.

Young chap willing to go anywhere or do anything that will afford excitement. Professional photographer and know the Rockies like a book. Do mountain guide work every summer, so am at home in the saddle of a mustang; good rifle shot and too handy with a Colt. I should worry about wages.

Speak colloquial Spanish, or rather Mexican idiom fluently. Worked as telegrapher, understand wireless, but only the Morse code. Seven months as electrical engineer, Junction City, Kas. Also experience as repair and automobile machinist over West. At present in a musical comedy, having been a professional vaudeville pianist for many years, "when the sledding was bad."

The Laundering of Lace.

As lace is so very much used now on various articles of dress and napery, a few hints on the care and correct methods of laundering it may prove useful. Lace may be roughly divided into two classes. In the first we may place all machine-made laces, and in the second the hand-made or real laces, the methods of treatment differing in the two cases.

A machine-made lace may with ordinary care be successfully cleaned and made to look like new by adopting the following directions. No strong soaps, powders or anything of the nature of a "lightning cleanser" should be used. These as a rule contain an excess of alkali, which would prove harmful to frail materials.

Soak the lace and soap it (using a soap of good quality) and dip it into a basin of warm water, then rub very gently between the palms of the hands, the movement being in the direction from the wrist to the fingers. The dipping and soaping should be frequently repeated and the lace refolded until every part is clean. Lace being open work, and the mesh being formed sometimes of single threads, the palms of the hands should be used, and never the knuckles or the lace may be broken.

When it is quite clean rinse out all the soap in clear, cold water. If the lace is wanted to be a dead white in color it may be slightly bleached, and may also be stiffened if desired, in very thin "boiling-water" starch. Great care should be taken not to overdo the bleaching and stiffening as an excess of zeal with the blue bag and starch basin is the hallmark of a fourth-rate laundress.

The lace should now be partially dried then carefully pulled into shape and rolled up for a short time. The lace should be pressed with a warm iron on the wrong side on a soft pad of flannel so that the pattern may be raised on the right side. Collars and curved pieces of lace should be carefully shaped with the hands before being ironed. I wished the lace may be colored with weak tea or coffee. [From the Manchester, Eng., Guardian.]

Proof Positive.

The notice in the restaurant window said "Assistant Cook Wanted," and the shivering alien walked straight in. He was directed to the kitchen, where he discovered two men. One was the chef, and the other appeared to be engaged in the mental task of washing dishes. Turning to the former, the would-be assistant cook asked: "Will I do? I have come about that job."

But the only reply he got from the ougust head of culinary matters was a nod in the direction of the man at the sink, and a curt: "Ask the boss."

"Not so much lark, you!" cried the bewildered applicant. "That can't be the boss! The boss don't wash up, you call it?"

The individual at the sink, who had just finished drying a stack of plates, here interrupted the conversation in dramatic style by letting them fall to the ground and smash to atoms. Then turning to the scandalized foreigner, he exclaimed, firmly but quietly: "Now, who's the boss?"

Not Disposed to Argue.

"Do you think you can support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?" asked the girl's father.

"I'm afraid not," replied the young man, "but she has assured me that she will not expect me, after we are married, to buy her as many gloves as I have been furnishing or to take her away from home to get something good to eat every other evening, and she has even consented to quit making it necessary for me to hire a taxi whenever we happen to be within walking distance of the place we are bound for."

"Oh, well, if you're going to be disagreeable about it, take her."

No Wonder.

Dr. Lyman Abbott, at a luncheon at the Colony club in New York, was good-humoredly arguing the suffrage question with a prominent suffragist.

"Now, doctor," said the suffragist, "there's one thing you must admit. A woman doesn't grow warped and hide-bound so quickly as a man. Her mind keeps younger, fresher."

"Well, no wonder," Dr. Abbott retorted. "Look how often she changes her mind."

During an election a young man shouted out, "Hurrah for Jackson!"

An old man who was present, intending to put him down, exclaimed, "Hurrah for a Jack ass!"

"All right," said the young man. "We snail not quarrel over such small matters. You can hurrah for your favorite candidate, and I shall do the same for mine."

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children's ailments. It is a safe, reliable, and effective remedy for all ailments of children, and is the only one that is both safe and effective.

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Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as possible. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature. Direct all communications to: Miss E. M. TILLEY, Newport Historical Rooms, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1913.

NOTES.

Rhode Island Chronology, from notes of John Barker, Esq. Taken from manuscript of Dr. Henry E. Turner, now in possession of the Newport Historical Society.

1798. Bass, Rt. Rev. Edward, of Mass., elected Bishop of Rhode Island.

1798. Barker, Peleg, former Town Clerk, died in August, aged 51 years, Newport.

1799. Brown, George, Deputy Governor.

1799. Breese, Major John, died Newport, April 24, aged 63 years.

1799. Bowers, Col. Jeremiah, died at Swansea, July 29, aged 78 years.

1800. Bowers, Com. Oliver, formerly of Providence, died at Augusta, Georgia, July 11.

1800. Box, Major Daniel, a Revolutionary Officer, died at Providence, May 3.

1800. Barber, Henry, publisher of the Newport Mercury, died Sept. 11, very suddenly, aged 53 years.

1800. Babcock, Col. Henry, Commander of the R. I. Troops in the old French War, and Commander on Rhode Island at the commencement of the Revolution, died at Westerly, October 6, aged 64 years.

1801. Brown, Hon. Ben., appointed Circuit Judge, U. S. Feby.

1801. Barnes, David Leonard, made District Judge, in place of Kay Greene, whose commission was vacated by some treacherous rascality of the administration.

1801. Bradley, Rev. Joshua, ord. Pastor of 2d Baptist Church, May 18, Newport as Colleague of Rev'd Gardner Thurston.

1801. Bartlett, Dr. Charles F. (son of Doct. John, formerly of Newport) commenced practice this year in Newport.

1802. Brown, Elisha, formerly Lieut. Gov., died at N. Providence, April.

1803. Bank, R. I. Union, incorporated; Pres't Samuel Elam, Cashier, John L. Boss, Sept.

1803. Bass, Rev. E'd, Bishop of R. I. & Mass., died, Sep. 11, at Newburyport.

1804. Bridge. It was voted to rebuild the Bridge over Howland's ferry, of Stone; Superintendent, Dan. Lyman.

1804. Boat capsized in Newport Harbor, and Daniel Goddard, James Currie, and John Sherman, were drowned; William Gyles escaped.

1805. Bliss, Henry, Esq., died at his farm, near Newport, May 10, aged 81 yr's. Judge & Pres't Town Council.

1805. Bisbee, Noah, delivered an oration in Newport, published.

1805. Sep. 27. Bilven, Luke drowned by upsetting of a boat.

1805. Oct. 16. Bell, a new, for Trinity Church, weight 1875 lbs.

1805. Oct. 26. Bell, a new, for 1st Cong'l Ch., weight 1017 lbs. presented by George Champlin.

1805. Browne, Hon. Arthur, L. L. D. died in Dublin, son of Rev. Maymads, formerly of Trinity Church.

1805. Oct. Banks, Narragansett Bank, Wickford, and R. I. Central, East Greenwich, incorporated. To be continued.

Queries.

7569. LOTHROP—Wanted, ancestry of Eaton W. Lothrop, born April 12, 1801. Was he born in North Easton, Mass., or Leeds, Me.?—B. M. H. L.

7570. GARDINER, GRAFTON—Who were the parents of Priscilla Grafton (widow), who married, in Salem, 1654, John Gardiner, son of Thomas Gardiner and Margaret Pizer, who afterwards moved to Nantucket, R. I.?—E. B. P. E.

7571. ROUSE, HOWLAND—Annie Rouse, wife of Abraham Howland, Free town. They were married about 1700. —W. D. H.

7572. SIMMONS, HOWLAND—Sarah Simmons, wife of Abraham Howland of Pembroke. They married about 1731. —W. D. H.

7573. FISH—Who was Hannah—wife of Ambrose (2) Fish (Nathaniel 1) of Sandwich, Mass.?—S. H. C. D.

7574. LLOYD, HALSEY—Who were the parents of Miss Ann Lloyd, who married Joseph Halsey of Boston, Jan. 10, 1731? Was she from Dedham or Needham, Mass.?—S. H. C. D.

7575. WHITNEY, WHEELER—Jabes Whitney, born at Buxton, Mass., March 22, 1780, married Abigail Wheeler, born Aug. 12, 1784, Old York, Me. His ancestry wanted.—C. F. C.

7576. WHEELER, INGRAHAM—John Wheeler, born May 14, 1750. Mary Ingraham, born May 14, 1755. Parents of both desired.—C. F. C.

7577. BURNHAM, TUTTLE—Charles Tuttle, son of Simon and Sarah (Coggshall) Tuttle, both born in Ipswich, Mass., March 3, 1679, married—Burnham, name of wife and her ancestry wanted.—H. B. A. N.

7578. RICHMOND, ADDIE—Wanted ancestry of Thomas E. Richmond and Elizabeth Addie, his wife. The latter born in Durham, Conn., 1777.—N. E. W.

7579. MARCHANT, COOKE—Who were the ancestors of Rebecca Cooke, who married Judge Henry Marchant of Newport, R. I.?—R. C. W.

ANSWERS.

7566. SPRAGUE—John Tefft, son of Samuel, married Joanna Sprague, daughter of Jonathan (3) (William 2), Edward (1) and Mehitable (Holbrook) Sprague. She died in 1767. He died in

1769. They lived at South Kingstown, R. I. Their children were 1. John, b. Dec. 4, 1699.
2. Joseph.
3. Samuel.
4. James, b. Ap. 21, 1715; 5. Nathan; 6. daughter; 7. Mary; 8. Mercy; 9. Mehitable; 10. Tabitha; 11. Sarah.
John Tefft's will was proved Jan. 21, 1762. Mentioned wife Joanna; sons Joseph, John, Samuel, Nathan and James; grandchildren, George Webb, John Webb, Margaret Rogers, Elizabeth Sheblin, Mehitable, James and Mary Teft; daughters Mary Barker, Mercy Rogers, Mehitable Rogers, Tabitha Teft and Sarah Brown.—E. M. T.

MIDDLETOWN.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The Middletown branch of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew held their regular meeting last week when Mr. Lawrence Champlin gave an interesting account of his visit to the national headquarters at Boston. It is hoped that some of the officers may speak here after the opening of the New Year. At the close of the business session, Rev. John S. Kimmer gave an hour's talk upon his recent trip to the Holy Land. Light refreshments were served. It has been decided to give up the semi monthly meetings and to hold them early in each month with some special program after the business sessions.

The Epworth League cottage service was held last week with Mr. James Peckham and was conducted by Rev. E. E. Wells. This week the meeting will be held at the M. E. Church by Miss Sadie I. Peckham.

Dr. Francis P. Conway made his annual visit to the schools last week to test the sight and hearing of the pupils.

Mr. George Barker, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Orin P. Barker of Prov., (all formerly of Middletown) who has been critically ill at a Providence Hospital the past week as the result of a serious operation for appendicitis, is now reported as past the danger point.

E. L. Ashford's Christmas Cantata, "Holy Night," was presented Sunday afternoon at the Methodist Episcopal Church before an audience that filled the auditorium and large adjoining Sunday School rooms. The music was very pleasing and the augmented choir and their choirmaster, Mr. C. LeRoy Grinnell, were much commended for the successful manner in which the Cantata was given. The special solo parts were taken by Wm. J. Peckham, Roderick McLeod, Mrs. John P. Peckham and Mrs. Gladys Sherman Barker.

The church was never so attractive in its Christmas decorations as now nor have they been so elaborate. Under the skillful directions of Mr. Edward E. Peckham several new effects have been secured. At the evening service Rev. Mr. Wells spoke upon the topic, "How shall we observe Christmas?" Mr. Frank T. Peckham cornetist assisted with the Christmas hymns. On Wednesday, Christmas Eve, a program arranged by Mrs. Wells for the children's tree exercises, was given.

In spite of the severe storm Tuesday evening, a large gathering assembled at the Berkeley Parish House to observe their annual Christmas tree festival. The exercises were conducted by the rector, Rev. Latta Griswold, and included Christmas hymns, a short devotional service and a program by the children of music and recitations arranged by Mrs. J. Willis Peckham. The handsome tree made a brilliant showing in its elaborate decorations and Joseph E. Kline made a typical Santa Claus. Previous to his entrance, Rev. John B. Diman told, in an interesting manner, of seeing the big public tree now erected on Boston Common. Following the program candy, ice cream and cake were served, and later, games were played and there was a Virginia Reel. A special service, with Communion, was held at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel on Christmas morning. The vested choir from St. George's School will be absent through the holidays, and the Sunday evening illustrated lectures at the Berkeley Parish House will be discontinued until the reopening of the School as the theophoric is operated by the students.

The annual meeting of Aquidneck Grange for the election of officers will be held at the town hall on Monday evening, December 29th.

Mrs. Charles Peckham who has been ill since summer, has so far improved as to discontinue the services of her nurse, Mrs. Coffin, who returned Wednesday to Newport. Mrs. Deborah Childs will continue to remain for a week or so longer.

BLOCK ISLAND.

Hiram D. Willis, the oldest resident of the Island died at his home on Saturday last, in his ninety-first year. He was born on the island April 5, 1823, and lived here practically all his life. His death was due to a general breakdown, incident to his advanced age. He was a son of Hiram D. and Desire (Mott) Willis.

For the past three years he had been confined to his home because of lameness and inability to walk any distance, but he had retained his other faculties to a remarkable degree up to the time of his death.

Mr. Willis owned a farm upon the island, and was engaged in farming and fishing until compelled by age to give up active work. He was twice married, his first wife being Mary Littlefield. They had two children, Edgar H. and Hiram F. Willis, who survive. His second wife was Alzada Mott, who, with three children, Oscar H., Mrs. Arthur Sheffield and Mrs. Silas Hall, survives.

Funeral services were held Tuesday at the First Baptist Church of which he was the oldest member. Rev. H. A. Roberts, D. D., officiated.

Election of Officers.

Aquidneck Camp, No. 5, I. O. O. F.

Chief Patriarch—Charles F. Wetberell.
High Priest—George S. Stoddard.
Senior Warden—Donald L. Spears.
Recording Sec'y—Terry E. Sawyer.
Treasurer—Joseph B. Pike.
Financial Sec'y—Allen C. Grinnell.
Junior Warden—F. W. Baynor.
Trustees—John T. Delano, Samuel Spears, J. Rowell Chase.

Building the House.

Architect—Now, where would you prefer the drawing room, sir?

Mr. Strunkle—Look here, young man, I've let you put up a smokin' room, when I don't smoke; a music room, when I couldn't play a mouth-organ; a nursery, when I got no nurse, and a pantry when I don't pant. But I'm goin' to draw the line at a drawing room, when I couldn't even draw a straight line.

WE HAVE IT

What did you get for Xmas, a lot of books? then you need a book case to put them in—WE HAVE IT; or a lot of china? then you need a cabinet to put it in—WE HAVE IT; or a lot of linen? then you need a chest of drawers to keep it in—WE HAVE IT; or a lamp? then you need a table to stand it on—WE HAVE IT; or a desk? then you want a desk set to use with it—WE HAVE IT; what ever gift you now must provide its accompanying need and WE HAVE IT.

Whatever It Is

and of just the sort that will suit the purpose and suit the pocketbook—correct, dependable and moderately priced.

A. C. TITUS CO.

225-229 THAMES STREET,

NEWPORT, R. I.

A Winter Vacation
IN
New England

Includes all the hardy, virile joys of ice games, and snow pastimes—coasting, tobogganing, sleighing, skiing, snow-shoeing, skating, hockey—ice-boating—such as turn winter into a glad carnival time.

You'll want to know more about cold weather sports in the White Highlands if you read

"AN OUTDOOR ENTHUSIAST."

This attractive booklet will be sent to your address if you write to Vacation Bureau, Room 574, South Station, Boston, Mass.

New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad

IF YOU use your Telephone for Christmas Shopping you can avoid the crowd, relieve the counter clerk and gain quick and satisfactory service.

They are many items on your list which can be quickly attended to without your personal selection. All modern stores give careful attention to telephone orders.

Providence
Telephone Co.CONTRACT DEPT. 142 Spring St.
Every Bell Telephone is a Long Distance Station.

WM. H. HAMMETT, President. GRANT P. TAYLOR, Treasurer.
W. P. CARR, Secretary. H. G. WILKS Asst. Treasurer.

Savings Bank of Newport.

INCORPORATED A. D. 1819.

Money deposited on or before

Saturday, January 17, 1914.

Commences to draw interest on that date

G. P. TAYLOR, Treas.

Father (left in charge)—No, you cannot have any more cake. (Very seriously.) Do you know what I shall have to do if you go on making that dreadful noise?
Little Girl (sobbing)—Yes.
Father—Well, what is it?
Little Girl—Give me some more cake.
And she was quite right.—Presbyterian Standard.

"Do you believe," he asked, "that every one in this world has an affinity somewhere?"
"Well, I don't know," replied the beautiful one. "Sometimes I'm inclined to doubt it. I've taken three trips to Reno without finding him on that route."
"Do you believe there is anything in chance?" asked the lady with the square jaw.
"Yes," replied Mr. Henpeck. "Before we were married my wife gave me a chance to break our engagement and I didn't do it."

He who has seen a German flax field waving its fine feathery green leaves, rippling like water in the lightest breeze and opening myriads of pale blue blossoms eyes to the sun, may be glad to know that a flax bed is within the reach of every flower lover. Flax will grow almost everywhere. It should be closely sown in well worked ground and kept well watered.—Suburban Life.

"He always tries to see the bright side."
"What's happened?"
"He was run down by an automobile yesterday and almost killed, yet the first thing he said when he regained consciousness was 'Gee Whiz! after 15 years I've got a chance to cash in on an accident policy!'"
"So you refuse to patronize that Chinese laundryman?"
"Yes. The things he wrote on the piece of paper he handed me may be complimentary, but they didn't look it."—Washington Star.

ONE MURDERED,
THREE SLASHED
Worcester Man, Wanted in
Russia, Under Arrest

After killing one man; stabbing a man and a woman perhaps fatally and slashing a third man severely, Joseph Stotasaghi, 22, of Worcester, Mass., who admits, according to the police, that he is wanted in Russia on a murder charge, was arrested after a desperate battle against three patriots.

Of his victims, George Janeszas, 30, of 19 Winslow street, was killed outright. John Palupsky, 27, of the same address, was stabbed in the chest, so that his heart was exposed and cannot live. Mrs. Anna Spllesky, 23, one of the most leading members of the Lithuanian colony, was cut so deeply about the face, arms, and body that her recovery is doubtful. Her husband, John Spllesky, was slashed about the wrists.

NEW COMET SIGHTED

Delavan's Discovery May Soon Be Visible to Naked Eye

Delavan's comet, the latest stranger in the sky to come within the range of telescopes, may be visible soon to the naked eye. The faintly illumined, 10-tailed object apparently is drawing nearer the earth, although it was not to be seen by a powerful glass than the five-inch finder of the great telescope at the naval observatory here.

Scientists here are keenly interested in the comet, which was discovered by Paul T. Delavan of the Argentine naval observatory at La Plata. It was first observed in this country by Professor Asaph Hall, U. S. N., at the naval observatory.

While walking to their home in Stamford, Conn., in a driving rain, Giuseppe Matura and Giuseppe Gaudio, met instant death when their feet became entangled in a live electric wire, which had fallen to the sidewalk.

NEWPORT NATIONAL BANK.

The annual meeting of the shareholders of the Newport National Bank for the election of Directors and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before it will be held on January 15th, 1914, at 3 o'clock p. m. in the Board Room.

Island Savings Bank.

33 WASHINGTON SQUARE

A SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND at the rate of Four Per Cent per annum will be paid to the Depositors on and after January 15th, 1914.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Stockholders of the National Exchange Bank

will be held at their Bankings Rooms, 31 Washington square, on THURSDAY, January 15, 1914, at 3 p. m. to elect Directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business that may legally come before said meeting.

GEORGE H. PROUD, Cashier.
Newport, R. I., Dec. 18, 1913—12-27-13

"Meet me at Barney's"

TAKE
Some of the Money
YOU HAD FOR
Christmas

AND BUY A
VICTOR

then you will know what real pleasure in the home means.
Price from \$15.00 up.

BARNEY'S
Music Store.

Probate Court of the City of Newport.

December 15th, 1913.

Estate of Mary C. Denman.
CHARLES E. CLARKE, Guardian of the person and estate of Mary C. Denman, of full age, of said Newport, presents his first account with the estate of his said ward for allowance; and the same is read and referred to the fifth day of January next, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.
12-20-13

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE.

Newport, December 15th, 1913.

THE undersigned hereby gives notice that she has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Guardian of the person and estate of JOHN M. MANN, 156, of full age, of said Newport, and has given bond according to law.
All persons having claims against said ward are notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

IDA MANNING.
12-13-13

ASK ANY HORSE

Eureka
Harness
Oil
Mica
Axle
Grease
Sold by dealers everywhere
Standard Oil Co. of New York

SITUATION WANTED by gardener, (1911) five years in Rhode Island. Age 51, married one child. Abstainer. Twenty years extensive experience. Fruit and flowers, hardy and undergrowth. Vegetables etc. Box 323, Address S. W. S. Box 323, Peaceville, R. I.

13

POPULAR MECHANICS

300 ARTICLES
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A GREAT Continued Story of the World's Progress which you may have been reading at any time, and which will hold your interest forever. You are living in the best year of the most wonderful age of what is doubtless the greatest world in the universe. A student of Mars would gladly pay \$1,000 SUBSCRIPTION.

To this magazine is order to keep informed of our progress in Engineering and Mechanics. Are you reading it? Two millions of your neighbors are, and it is the favorite magazine in thousands of the best American homes. It appeals to all classes—old and young—men and women.

The "Shop Notes" Department (20 pages) gives easy ways to doing things, how to make useful articles for home and shop, repairs, etc.

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Ask your Newsdealer to show you one or write for FREE SAMPLE COPY TODAY

POPULAR MECHANICS CO.
318 W. Washington St., CHICAGO

TOWN OF NEW SHOREHAM.

Notice of Application

FOR

Liquor Licenses.

12-20-13

AT A SESSION of the Town Council of New

Shoreham, held Dec. 18, 1913, applications were made for license to sell pure, spirituous, malt and intoxicating liquors, at retail only, by the following named persons:

WILLIAM S. DODGE—Easton's side of Beach Road, near the Old Harbor in said town.

The Town Council of said New Shoreham will be in session at the Town Hall in said town on MONDAY, the 5th day of January, A. D. 1914, at 3 o'clock p. m., at which time and place all persons objecting to the granting of the above application may be heard. All remonstrances must be filed on or before the time of hearing.

By order of the Town Council of New Shoreham.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.
12-20-13

For Xmas.

We have the largest and best stock of Holiday Goods we have ever shown.

We would be pleased to have you see them. The prices are right also.

DAILY NEWS BUILDING

Tel. 533

THE 17TH ANNUAL

SHORT COURSE IN

Practical Poultry Husbandry

AT THE

RHODE ISLAND STATE COLLEGE.

Will begin January 6th, 1914, and continue eight weeks. This course offers an exceptionally good opportunity to those who wish to learn how to keep poultry properly and profitably. It has been proven that there is health and a good living in poultry culture for those who know how. We teach by lectures, recitations, demonstrations and practical experience. For further particulars write to

RHODE ISLAND STATE COLLEGE,
12-5-13
Kingston.

NEW MODEL

MULTIPLEX HAMMOND
TYPEWRITER

All Languages on One Machine.
Carries Two Sets. Type at one time.

Ball Bearing Carriage.
Automatic Ribbon Feed.

Visible Writing, Two-color Ribbon

Send for Catalogue.

Allowance made on old machines of any make.

The Hammond Typewriter Co.

101 MILK STREET,
BOSTON.

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Notice

Automobilists

Commencing June 1st, the office of the State Board of Public Roads Automobile Department, State House, Providence, R. I., will be open for business between the hours of 9 a. m. and 3 p. m., Saturdays excepted, until further notice.

STATE BOARD OF PUBLIC ROADS

AUTOMOBILE DEPARTMENT.

GEORGE H. WELLINGTON, Clerk.

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Gabe—According to the census reports, there are only 125,000 idiots in the United States. Steve—Some one has been cheating. Why, I meet that many every day.—Cincinnati Enquirer.